





English Songs

A COMPLETE

COLLECTION

OF

OLD and NEW

English and Scotch

SONGS.

With their respective TUNES
prefixed.

VOLUME I.

L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by T. BOREMAN near
Child's Coffee-House, St. Paul's Church-yard ;
and Sold likewise at his Shop at the Cock on
Ludgate-hill. (One Shilling.)

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A. COMPTON

COLLECTION

1870

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Song I. *The Mistaken Maid.*



T noon, in a sultry summer's day,
The brightest lady of the May,
Young Chloris, innocent and gay,
Sat knotting in a shade:

Each slender finger play'd its part
With such activity and art,
As would inflame a youthful heart,
And warm the most decay'd.

Her fav'rite swain by chance came by,
She had him quickly in her eye,
Yet when the bashful boy drew nigh,
She wou'd have seem'd afraid.

She let her iv'ry needle fall,
 And hurl'd away the twisted ball ;
 Then gave her Strephon such a call,
 As would have wak'd the dead.

Dear gentle youth, is't none but thee ?
 With innocence I dare be free ;
 By so much trust and modesty
 No nymph was e'er betray'd.

Come lean thy head upon my lap,
 While thy soft cheeks I stroke and clap,
 Thou may'st securely take a nap ;
 Which he, poor fool, obey'd.

She saw him yawn, and heard him snore,
 And found him fast asleep all o'er ;
 She sigh'd — and could no more,
 But starting up, she said :

Such virtue shon'd rewarded be,
 For this thy dull fidelity ;
 I'll trust thee with thy flocks, not me,
 Pursue thy grazing trade.

Go milk thy goats, and shear thy sheep,
 And watch all night thy flocks to keep ;
 Thou shalt no more be lull'd to sleep
 By me, mistaken maid.

Song II. *The Ravish'd Lover.*

I.

WHEN Fanny, blooming fair,
 First met my ravish'd sight ;
 Caught with her shape and air,
 I felt a strange delight.
 Whilst eagerly I gaz'd,
 Admiring ev'ry part,
 I ev'ry feature prais'd,
 She stole into my heart.

II. In

II.

In her bewitching eyes,
Young smiling loves appear,
There Cupid basking lies,
His shafts are hoarded there;
Her blooming cheeks are dy'd
With colour all their own,
Excelling far the pride
Of roses newly blown.

III.

Her well-turn'd limbs confess
The lucky hand of Jove,
Her features all express,
The beauteous queen of love.
What flames my nerves invade,
When I behold the breast
Of that too lovely maid,
Rise, suing to be prest!

IV.

Venus 'round Fanny's waste,
Hath her own cestus bound,
With guardian Cupids grac'd,
Who sport the circle round;
How happy will he be,
Who shall her zone unloose!
That bliss to all but me,
May heaven and she refuse.

Song III. *My dear Mistress, &c.*

Young Philander woo'd me long,
I was peevish, and forbad him;
Nor would hear his loving song,
And yet now I wish, I wish I had him.
For each morn I view my glass,
I perceive the whim is going;
For when wrinkles streak the face,
We may bid farewell to wooing;
For when wrinkles streak the face,
We may bid farewell to wooing.

A Complete Collection of

Use your time, ye virgins fair,
 Choose before your days are evil;
 Fifteen is a season rare,
 Five and forty is the devil.
 Just when ripe, consent to do't,
 Hug no more your lonely pillow;
 Women, like some other fruit,
 Lose their relish when too mellow;
 Women, like some other fruit,
 Lose their relish when too mellow.

Song IV. *A Country Dialogue.*

I.

He. **W**Here oxen do low,
 And apples do grow;
 Where corn is sown,
 And grass is mown;
 Where pigeons do fly,
 And rooks nestle high,
 Fate give me for life a place.
 She. Where hay is well cock'd,
 And udders are stroak'd,
 Where duck and drake
 Cry quack, quack, quack;
 Where turkeys lay eggs,
 And sows suckle pigs,
 Oh! there I would pass my days.
 He. On nought we will feed,
 She. But what we do breed;
 And wear on our backs,
 He. The wool of our flocks;
 She. And tho' linnen feel
 Rough, spun from the wheel,
 'Tis cleanly, tho' coarse it comes.
 He. Town follies and cullies,
 And mollies and dollies,
 For ever adieu, and for ever.

She.

Songs and Ballads.

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She. And beaus that in boxes,
Lie smuggling their doxes,
With wigs that hang down to bums.

II.

He. Good-by to the Mall,
The Park and Canal,
St. James's square,
And flaunters there;
The gaming-house too,
Where high dice and low
Are manag'd by all degrees.

She. Adieu to the knight,
Was bubbled last night,
That keeps a blowze,
And beats his spouse;
And now in great haste,
To pay what he's lost,
Sends home to cut down his trees.

He. And well fare the lad,

She. Improves e'ery clod,

He. That ne'er sets his hand

To bill or to bond,

She. Nor barter his flocks

For wine or the pox,

To chouse him of half his days:

He. But fishing and fowling,

And hunting and bowling,

His pastime is ever, and ever;

She. Whose lips when you buss 'em,

Smell like the bean-blossom,

Oh he 'tis shall have my praise!

III.

He. To th' tavern, where goes

Sow'r apples and flocs,

A long adieu;

And farewell too,

The house of the great,

Whose cook has no meat,

And butler can't quench my thirst.

B

She.

A Complete Collection of

She. Good-by to the Change,
 Where rantepoles range;
 Farewel cold tea,
 And rattafée,
 Hyde-Park too, where pride
 In coaches do ride,
 Altho' they be choak'd with dust.

He. Farewel the law-gown,

She. The plague of the town,

He. And foe to the crown,

That should be run down;

She. With city-jack-daws,

That make staple-laws,

To measure by yards and ells,

He. Stock-jobbers and swobbers,

And packers and tackers,

For ever adieu, and for ever;

Cho. *We know what you're doing,*

And home we're both going,

And so you may ring the bells.

The most Famous BALLAD
Of King HENRY the 5th; his Victory over
the French at Agencourt.

A Council grave our King did hold,
 With many a lord and knight,
 That he might truly understand,
 That France did hold his right.

Unto the King in France therefore
 Embassadors he sent,
 That he might truly understand
 His mind and whole intent.

Desiring him, in friendly sort,
 His lawful right to yield;
 Or else he swore, by dint of sword,
 To win it in the field.

The King of France, with all his lords,
Did hear this message plain,
And to our brave embassador
Did answer with disdain,

And said, our King was yet too young,
And of but tender age;
Therefore they pass not for his threats,
Nor fear not his courage.

His knowledge in the feats of arms,
As yet is very small;
His tender joints more fitter are
To toss a tennis-ball.

A tun of tennis-balls therefore,
In pride and great disdain
He sent unto this royal King,
To recompence his pain.

Which answer when our King did hear,
He waxed wroth in heart;
And swore he would provide such balls,
Should make all France to smart.

An army then our King did hold,
Which was both good and strong;
And from Southampton is our King
With all his navy gone:

In France he landed safe and sound,
Both he and all his train;
And to the town of Hulle then
He marched up again.

Which when he had besieg'd the town,
Against the fenced walls,
To batter down the stately towers,
He sent his English balls.

When this was done, our King did march
 Then up and down the land;
 And not a Frenchman for his life
 Durst once his force withstand:

Until he came to Agencourt,
 Whereas it was his chance
 To find the King in readiness,
 With all the power of France.

A mighty host he had prepar'd,
 Of armed soldiers then;
 Which were no less, by just account,
 Than forty thousand men.

Which fight did much amaze our King;
 For he and all his host,
 Not passing fifteen thousand had,
 Accounted with the most.

The King of France, who well did know
 The number of our men,
 In vaunting pride and great disdain
 Did send an herald then,

To understand what he would give
 For ransom of his life,
 When they in field had taken him,
 Amongst the bloody strife.

And when our King with cheerful heart,
 This answer then did make:
 Before that it does come to pass,
 Some of your hearts will ake:

And to your proud presumptuous King,
 Declare this thing, quoth he:
 My own heart's-blood will pay the price,
 Nought else he gets of me.

Then

Then spake the noble duke of York,
O noble king, quoth he,
The leading of this battle brave,
It doth belong to me.

God-a-mercy cousin York, he said,
I grant thee thy request;
Then lead thou on courageously,
And I will lead the rest.

Then came the bragging Frenchmen down
With cruel force and might;
With whom our noble King began
A fierce and dreadful fight.

The archers they discharg'd their shafts,
As thick as hail from sky;
And many a Frenchman in the field,
That happy day did die.

Their horses tumbled on the stakes,
And so their lives they lost;
And many a Frenchman there was ta'en,
As prisoners to their cost.

Ten thousand men that day were slain,
As enemies in the field;
And eke as many prisoners
Were forc'd that day to yield.

Thus had our King a happy day,
And victory over France;
And brought them quickly under foot,
That late in pride did prance.

God save our King, and bless this land,
And grant to him likewise
The upper hand, and victory
Of all his enemies.

Song VI. *When he holds up his Hand arraign'd
for his Life.*

IANTHE the lovely, the joy of her swain,
By Iphis was lov'd, and lov'd Iphis again;
She liv'd in the youth, and the youth in the fair;
Their pleasure was equal, and equal their care;
No time, no enjoyment, their dotage withdrew;
But the longer they liv'd, but the longer they liv'd,
Still the fonder they grew.

A passion so happy alarm'd all the plain,
Some envy'd the nymph, but more envy'd the swain;
Some swore 'twou'd be pity their loves to invade,
That the lovers alone for each other were made;
But all, all consented, that none ever knew
A nymph yet so kind, a nymph yet so kind,
Or a shepherd so true.

Love saw 'em with pleasure, and vow'd to take care
Of the faithful, the tender, the innocent pair;
What either did want, he bid either to move,
But they wanted nothing, but ever to love:
Said, 'twas all that to bless 'em his god-head cou'd do,
That they still might be kind, that they still might be kind,
And they still might be true.

Song VII. *Draw, Cupid, Draw, &c.*

DRAW, Cupid, draw, and make fair Sylvia know,
The mighty pain her suffering swain does for her
undergo;
Convey this dart into her heart, and, when she's set on fire,
Do thou return, and let her burn like me in chaste desire:
That by experience she may learn to pity me,
Whene'er her eyes do tyrannize o'er my captivity;
But when in love we jointly move, and tenderly embrace,
Like angels shine, and sweetly join to one another's face.

Song

Song VIII. *Some brag of their Chloris, &c.*

SOME brag of their Chloris, and some of their Phillis;
 Some cry up their Celas, and bright Amaryllis:
 Thus poets and lovers their mistresses dub,
 And goddesses frame from the washbowl and tub.
 But away with these fictions, and counterfeit folly,
 There's a thousand more charms in the name of my Dolly.
 I cannot describe you her beauty and wit,
 Like manna to each she's a relishing bit;
 She alone by enjoyment the more does prevail,
 And still with fresh pleasures does hoist up your sail:
 Nay, had you a surfeit but took of all others,
 One look from my Dolly your stomach recovers.

Song IX. *Jockey's Lamentation.*

JOCKEY met with Jenny fair
 Betwixt the dawning and the day,
 And Jockey now is full of care,
 For Jenny stole my heart away:
 Altho' she promis'd to be true,
 Yet she, alas! has prov'd unkind,
 That's what does make poor Jockey rue,
 For Jenny's fickle as the wind:
 And 'tis o'er the hills, and far away,
 'Tis o'er the hills, and far away,
 'Tis o'er the hills, and far away,
 The wind has blow'd my plad away.
 Jockey was a bonny lad,
 As e'er was born in Scotland fair;
 But now poor Jockey is run mad,
 For Jenny causes his despair;
 Jockey was a piper's son,
 And fell in love while he was young;

But

But all the tunes that he could play,
Was, O'er the hills and far away,
And 'tis, &c.

When first I saw my Jenny's face,
She did appear with like a grace,
With muckle joy my heart was fill'd:
But now alas! with sorrow kill'd.
Oh! was she but as true as fair,
'Twou'd put an end to my despair;
But ah, alas! she is unkind,
Which fore does terrify my mind.
'Twas o'er the hills, and far away,
'Twas o'er the hills, and far away,
'Twas o'er the hills, and far away,
That Jenny stole my heart away.

Did she but feel the dismal woe
That for her sake I undergo,
She surely then would grant relief,
And put an end to all my grief:
But oh! she is as false as fair,
Which causes all my sad despair;
She triumphs in a proud disdain,
And takes delight to see my pain.
'Tis o'er, &c.

Hard was my hap to fall in love
With one that does so faithless prove;
Hard was my fate to court the maid,
That has my constant heart betray'd:
A thousand times to me she swore
She would be true for ever more:
But oh! alas! with grief I say,
She's stole my heart, and run away.
'Twas o'er, &c.

Good gentle Cupid, take my part,
And pierce this false one to the heart,
That she may once but feel the woe,
As I for her do undergo;
Oh! make her feel the raging pain,
That for her love I do sustain;
She sure would then more gentle be,
And soon repent her cruelty.

'Tis o'er, &c.

I now must wander for her sake,
Since that she will no pity take,
Into the woods and shady grove,
And bid adieu to my false love:
Since she is false whom I adore,
I ne'er will trust a woman more;
From all their charms I'll fly away,
And on my pipe will sweetly play,

'Tis o'er, &c.

There by myself I'll sing and say,
'Tis o'er the hills, and far away,
That my poor heart is gone astray,
Which makes me grieve both night and day.
Farewel, farewel, thou cruel she,
I fear that I shall die for thee:
But if I live, this vow I'll make,
To love no other for your sake.

'Tis o'er the hills, and far away,
'Tis o'er the hills, and far away,
'Tis o'er the hills, and far away,
The wind has blow'd my plaid away.

*The Recruiting Officer; or the Merry Volunteers:
Being an Excellent new Copy of Verses upon
raising Recruits. To the foregoing Tune.*

HARK! now the drums beat up again,
For all true soldiers, gentlemen;
Then let us lift and march, I say,
Over the hills, and far away,
Over the hills, and o'er the main,
To Flanders, Portugal and Spain;

Queen Anne commands, and we'll obey,
Over the hills, and far away.

All gentlemen that have a mind
To serve the Queen that's good and kind,
Come lift, and enter into pay;
Then o'er the hills, and far away,
Over the hills, and o'er the main,
To Flanders, Portugal and Spain,
Queen Anne, &c.

Here's forty shilling on the drum,
For those that volunteers do come,
With shirts and cloaths, and present pay,
When o'er the hills, and far away,
Over the hills, &c.

Hear that, brave boys, and let us go,
Or else we shall be prest, you know;
Then lift, and enter into pay,
And over the hills, and far away,
Over the hills, &c.

The constables they search about
To find such brisk young fellows out;
Then let's be volunteers, I say,
Over the hills, and far away,
Over the hills, &c.

Since now the French so low are brought,
And wealth and honour's to be got,
Who then behind wou'd sneaking stay,
When o'er the hills, and far away,
Over, &c.

No more from sound of drum retreat,
While Marlborough and Galloway beat
The French and Spaniards every day,
When over the hills, and far away,
Over, &c.

He that is forc'd to go and fight,
Will never get true honour by't;
While volunteers shall win the day,
When o'er the hills, and far away,
Over, &c.

What though our friends our absence mourn,
We all with honour shall return:
And then we'll sing both night and day,
Over the hills, and far away,
Over, &c.

The prentice Tom he may refuse
To wipe his angry master's shoes:
For then he's free to sing and play,
Over the hills, and far away,
Over, &c.

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Over rivers, bogs and springs,
 We all shall live as great as Kings,
 And plunder get both night and day,
 When over the hills, and far away.

Over, &c.

We then shall lead more happy lives,
 By getting rid of brats and wives,
 That scold on both night and day,
 When over the hills and far away,

Over, &c.

Come on then, boys, and you shall see
 We every one shall captains be,
 To whore and rant as well as they,
 When o'er the hills, and far away,

Over, &c.

But if we go 'tis one to ten,
 But we return all gentlemen,
 All gentlemen as well as they,
 When over the hills, and far away,
 Over the hills, and far away, &c.

Song XI. *Joy to Great CÆSAR.*

The first Strain.

JOY to great Cæsar,
 Long life, love, and pleasure;
 'Tis a health that divine is,
 Fill the bowl high as mine is;
 Let none fear a fever,
 But take it off thus, boys;
 Let the King live for ever,
 'Tis no matter for us, boys.

The second Strain.

Try all the loyal,

Defy all,

Give denial;

Sure none thinks his glass too big here,

Nor any prig here,

Or sneaking Whig here,

Of cripple Tony's crew,

That now looks blue,

His heart aches too,

The tap wo'n't do,

His zeal so true,

And projects new,

Ill fate does now pursue.

The third Strain.

Let Tories guard the King,

Let Whigs in halters swing;

Let Pilk and Shute be sham'd,

Let bugg'ring Oates be damn'd,

Let cheating player be nick'd,

The turn-coat scribe be kick'd,

Let rebel city-dons

Then ne'er beget their sons;

Let ev'ry whiggish peer,

That rapes a lady fair,

And leaves his only dear

The sheets to gnaw and tear,

Be punish'd out of hand,

And forc'd to pawn his land,

That none the grand affair

The fourth Strain.

Great Charles, like Jehovah,
Spare those would un-king him;
And warms with his graces

The vipers that sting him:
Till crown'd with just anger,
The rebels he seizes;
Thus Heaven can thunder
Whenever it pleases.

Jigg.

Then to the Duke fill, fill up the glass,
The son of our Martyr, belov'd of our King:
Envy'd, lov'd,
Yet blest'd from above,
Secur'd by an angel safe under his wing.

The sixth Strain.

Faction and folly,
And state-melancholy,
With Tony in Whigland for ever shall dwell;
Let wit, wine, and beauty,
Then teach us our duty:
For none e'er can love, or be wise, and rebel.



Song XII. *The Sixth SONG in the last Act of the second Part of Don Quixote, Sung by Mr. Freeman and Mrs. Cibber. Set by Mr. Purcel.*

Mr. FREEMAN.

Genius of England, from thy pleasant bow'r of bliss
Arise, and spread thy sacred wings;
Guard, guard from foes the British state,
Thou, on whose smiles does wait
Th' uncertain happy fate of Monarchies and Kings.

Mrs. CIBBER.

Then follow brave boys, then follow brave boys to the wars,
Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow, follow, brave boys to the wars,
Follow, follow, follow brave boys to the wars;
The laurel you know's the prize,
The laurel you know's the prize:
Who brings home the noblest, the noblest,
The noblest scars, looks finest in Celia's eyes;
Then shake off the slothful ease,
Let glory, let glory, let glory inspire your hearts;
Remember a soldier in war and in peace,
Remember a soldier in war, in war, and in peace,
Is the noblest of all other arts:
Remember a soldier in war and in peace,
Remember a soldier in war, in war and in peace,
Is the noblest of all other arts.



A new Health to Prince EUGENE : A Triumphant ODE upon his return to Vienna. Sung by Mr. Leveridge, in the Play called the Country Mifs with her Furbelow.

THE valiant Eugene to Vienna is gone,
 And since deny'd
 To be supply'd,
 All his troops are undone ;
 For the haughty Vendosme,
 New recruits being come,
 So proud is grown,
 Of two to one,
 He revenge swears to push home ;
 And late losses,
 Disgraces, and crosses,
 Will soon retaliate now the General is gone.
 Oh Leopold ! oh Baden !
 What fiend was persuading
 Your priest-rid clan,
 Simply to baulk so rare a man.

Tho' Carthage grew proud, when story once shew'd,
 How well the grand
 Blind African
 O'er the Alps hew'd out his road ;
 All the rocks in his way
 Were but puff-paste and clay,
 To those were seen,
 When great Eugene
 Made his rugged essay ;
 Where no storm, nor
 Loud thunder, this wonder
 Could ever from his purpose cause to halt or stay :
 Tho' watches, dispatches,
 And lying there frying,
 His youth did so decay,
 Sable locks turn'd into grey.

Then

Then Latium give o'er, name Cæsar no more,
 Nor the Macedon,
 Whose high renown,
 Were so blaz'd on before ;
 But let glorious Eugene,
 That august man of men,
 Be founded high,
 As far as sky
 Of the Globe can contain ;
 For a braver,
 Or bolder
 Good soldier,
 Did never on the bloody field maintain his ground ;
 Hell take those remove him,
 And here's to those love him,
 Drink, drink boys around,
 And his foes Pluto confound.

Song XIV. *The Bonny MILK-MAID.* Sung
in the Play of Don Quixote.

YE nymphs and sylvan gods,
 That love green fields and woods,
 When spring newly blown,
 Herself does adorn
 With flowers and blooming buds ;
 Come sing in the praise,
 Whilst flocks do graze,
 In yonder's pleasant vale,
 Of those that chuse,
 Their sleep to lose,
 And in cold dews,
 With clouted shoes,
 Do carry the milking pail.

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The Goddess of the morn,
 With blushes they adorn;
 And take the fresh air,
 Whilst linnets prepare
 A consort on each green thorn:
 The black-bird and thrush,
 On every bush,
 And the charming nightingale,
 In merry vein
 Their throats do strain,
 To entertain
 The jolly train
 That carry the milking pail.
 When cold bleak winds do roar,
 And flowers can spring no more;
 The fields that were seen,
 So pleasant and green,
 By winter all candy'd o'er:
 Oh how the town lass,
 Looks with her white face,
 And her lips of deadly pale!
 But it is not so
 With those that go
 Thro' frost and snow,
 With cheeks that glow,
 To carry the milking pail.
 The miss of courtly mould,
 Adorn'd with pearl and gold,
 With washes and paint
 Her skin does so taint,
 She's wither'd before she's old:
 Whilst she in commode,
 Puts on a cart-load,
 And with cushions plumps her tail:
 What joys are found
 In russet gown,
 Young, plump, and round,
 And sweet and sound,
 That carry the milking pail!

The

The girls of Venus game,
 That venture health and fame,
 In practising fears,
 With colds and with heats,
 Make lovers grow blind and lame;
 If men were so wise,
 To value the price,
 Of the wares most fit for sale;
 What store of beaus
 Would daub their cloaths
 To save a nose,
 By following those
 That carry the milking pail!
 The country lad is free
 From fears and jealousy,
 When upon the green
 He is often seen
 With his lass upon his knee;
 With kisses most sweet
 He does her greet,
 And swears she'll ne'er grow stale:
 Whilst the London lads,
 In e'ry place,
 With her brazen face,
 Despises the grace
 Of those with the milking pail.

Song XV. *A Scotch Song.*

TWas within a furlong of Edinburgh town,
 In the rosie time of year when the grafs was down;
 Bonny Jockey, blith and gay,
 Said to Jenny making hay,
 Let's fit a little (dear) and prattle,
 'Tis a sultry day:
 He long had courted the black-brow'd maid,
 But Jockey was a wag, and would ne'er consent to wed;
 Which made her pish and phoo, and cry out it will not do,
 I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, monnot buckle too.

D 2

He

He told her marriage was grown a meer joke,
 And that no one wedded now, but the scoundrel folk;
 Yet, my dear, thou shouldst prevail;
 But I know not what I ail,
 I shall dream of clogs, and filly dogs,
 With bottles at their tail;
 But I'll give thee gloves, and a bongrace to wear,
 And a pretty filly foal, to ride out and take the air;
 If thou ne'er will push nor phoo, and cry it ne'er will do,
 I cannot, cannot, &c,

That you'll give me trinkets, cry'd she, I believe,
 But ah! what in return must your poor Jenny give?
 When my maiden treasure's gone,
 I must gang to London town,
 And roar, and rant, and patch and paint,
 And kifs for half a crown:
 Each drunken bully oblige for pay,
 And earn an hated living in an odious fulsome way;
 No no, it ne'er shall do, for a wife I'll be to you,
 Or I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, monnot buckle too.

Song XVI. Sweet are the Charms, &c.

SWEET are the charms of her I love,
 More fragrant than the damask rose;
 Soft as the down of turtle dove,
 Gentle as air when Zephyr blows;
 Refreshing as descending rains,
 To sun-burnt climes and thirsty plains.
 True as the needle to the pole,
 Or as the dial to the sun;
 Constant as gliding waters rowl,
 Whose swelling tide obeys the moon:
 From ev'ry other charmer free,
 My life and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flow'ry thyme devout,
 The dam the tender kid pursues;
 Sweet Philomel in shady bowers
 Of verdant spring, her note renews;
 All follow what they most admire,
 As I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,
 And vary as the seasons rise;
 As winter to the spring gives place,
 Summer th' approach of autumn flies;
 No change on love the seasons bring,
 Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring time, with stealing pace,
 Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow;
 Marble towers, and walls of brass,
 In his rude march he levels low:
 But time, destroying far and wide,
 Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death only with his cruel dart,
 The gentle Godhead can remove;
 And drive him from the bleeding heart,
 To mingle with the blest above:
 Where, known to all his kindred train,
 He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love and his sister fair, the soul,
 Twin-born from Heaven together came;
 Love will the universe controul,
 When dying seasons lose their name:
 Divine abodes shall own his pow'r,
 When time and death shall be no more.

Song XVII Collin's Complaint.

DEspairing beside a clear stream,
 A shepherd forsaken was laid;
 And whilst a false nymph was his theme,
 A willow supported his head:
 The wind that blew over the plain,
 To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
 And the brook, in return to his pain,
 Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! silly swain that I was!
 (Thus sadly complaining, he cry'd)
 When first I beheld that fair face,
 'Twere better by far I had dy'd.
 She talk'd, and I blest'd the dear tongue,
 When she smil'd, 'twas a pleasure too great;
 I listen'd, and cry'd when she sung,
 Was Nightingale ever so sweet!

How foolish was I to believe
 She could doat on so lowly a clown!
 Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
 To forsake the fine folk of the town!
 To think that a beauty so gay,
 So kind and so constant would prove!
 To go clad like our maidens in grey,
 And live in a cottage on dove!

O What though I have skill to complain,
 Tho' the muses my temples have crown'd;
 What though, when they hear my soft strain,
 The virgins sit weeping around;
 Ah Collin! thy hopes are in vain!
 Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
 Thy fair one inclines to a swain,
 Whose musick is sweeter than thine.

And you my companions so dear,
 Who sorrow to see me betray'd

What-

Whatever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear to accuse the false maid:
 If through the wide world I should range,
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly
 'Twas hers to be false, and to change,
 'Tis mine to be constant, and die.
 If, while my hard fate I sustain,
 In her breast any pity is found,
 Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
 And see me laid low in the ground:
 The last humble boon that I crave,
 Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
 And when she looks down on my grave,
 Let her own that her shepherd was true.
 Then to her new love let her go,
 And deck her in golden array;
 Be finest at ev'ry fine show,
 And frolick it all the long day:
 While Collin, forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be heard of or seen,
 Unless when beneath the pale moon
 His ghost shall glide over the green.

Song XVIII. On a Bank of Flowers.

ON a bank of flowers, in a summer's day,
 Inviting, and undrest,
 In her bloom of years bright Celia lay,
 With love and sleep oppress'd:
 When a youthful swain, with admiring eyes,
 Wish'd he durst the fair maid surprize,
 With a fa, la, la, &c.
 But fear'd approaching spies:
 As he gaz'd, a gentle breeze arose,
 That fann'd her robes aside,
 And the sleeping nymph did the charms disclose,
 Which waking she would hide:

Then

Then his breath grew short, and his heart beat high,
He long'd to touch what he chanc'd to spy,

With a fa, la, la, &c.

But durst not still draw nigh.

All amaz'd he stood, with her beauties fir'd,

And blest the courteous wind;

Then in whispers sigh'd, and the Gods desir'd,

That Celia might be kind.

When with hope grown bold, he advanc'd amain,

But she laugh'd aloud in a dream, and again,

With a fa, la, la, &c.

Repell'd the tim'rous swain.

Yet, when once desire has inflam'd the soul,

All modest doubts withdraw;

And the God of love does each fear controul,

That would the lover awe.

Shall a prize like this, says the vent'rous boy,

'Scape, and I not the means employ,

With a fa, la, la, &c.

To seize the proffer'd joy?

Here the glowing youth, to relieve his pain,

The slumb'ring maid caress'd:

And with trembling hands (O the simple swain!)

Her snowy bosom press'd:

When the virgin wak'd, and affrighted flew,

Yet look'd as wishing he would pursue,

With a fa, la, la, &c.

But Damon miss'd his cue.

Now repenting that he had let her fly,

Himself he thus accus'd;

What a dull and stupid thing was I,

That such a chance abus'd!

To thy shame, 'twill soon on the plain be said,

Damon a virgin asleep betray'd,

With a fa, la, la, &c.

Yet let her go a maid.

Song XIX. *As I beneath the Myrtle, &c.*

AS I beneath the myrtle-shade lay musing,
 Sylvia the fair, in mournful sounds
 Venting her grief, the air thus wounds;
 Oh! god of love! cease to torment me,
 Send to my aid some gentle swain,
 Whose balm apply'd, may ease my pain.
 Aloud I cry'd, and all the grove resounded,
 Heavenly nymph, complain no more,
 Love does thy wish'd-for peace restore,
 And sends a gentle swain to ease thee:
 In whom a longing maid may find,
 A balm to cure her love-sick mind.

She blush'd, and sigh'd, and push'd the Med'cine from her,
 Which still the more encreas'd her pain;
 Finding at length, she strove in vain,
 Oh love! (she cry'd) I must obey thee;
 Who can the raging smart endure?
 She suck'd the balm, and found the cure.

Song XX.

FLY from Olinda young and fair,
 Fly from her soft engaging air,
 And wit in woman found so rare;
 Tho' all her looks to love advise,
 Her yet unconquer'd heart denies,
 And breaks the promise of her eyes.

Waste not your youth in coy disdain,
 Hope not your beauty's pleasing reign,
 By ways of rigour to maintain;
 If we to Kings obedience owe,
 Or to the Gods with incense go,
 'Tis for the blessing they bestow.

Song XXI.

I Never saw a face till now,
 That could my passion move;
 I lik'd, and ventur'd many a vow,
 But durst not think of love;
 Till beauty, charming ev'ry sense,
 An easy conquest made;
 And shew'd the vainness of defence,
 When Phillis does invade.
 But ah! her colder heart denies,
 The thoughts her looks inspire;
 And while in ice that frozen lies,
 Her eyes dart only fire:
 Between extremes I am undone,
 Like plants to northward set;
 Burnt by too violent a sun,
 Or chill'd, for want of heat.

Song XXII. *The Pilgrim.*

O H happy, happy groves! witness of our tender loves;
 Oh happy, happy shade! where first our vows were
 (made;
 Blushing, sighing, melting, dying, looks would charm a Jove;
 A thousand pretty things I said, and all was love
 But Corinna perjur'd proves, and forsakes the shady groves;
 When I speak of mutual joys, she knows not what I mean.
 Wanton glances, fond caresses, now no more are seen,
 Since the false deluding fair left the flow'ry green.
 Mourn, ye nymphs that sporting play'd, where poor Strephon
 (was betray'd;
 There the secret wound she gave, when I was made her slave.

Song XXIII.

Farewel the darling shades I love,
The calm retirement of my life,
Where pleasure's boundless as above,
Free from all envy, noise, or strife:
No passions e'er infest the plains,
Contentment there immortal reigns;
No passions e'er infest the plains, &c.

Were I to chuse what fate denies,
Could I command my frowning stars,
Cities should in confusion lie,
E'er I'd embrace their restless cares;
Oh! that I might near gentle streams,
Spend my dull hours in golden dreams.

Song XXIV. *Endfield Common.*

ON Endfield Common, I met a woman,
A bringing North-hall water to the town;
Said I, fair maiden, you're heavy laden,
I'll light, and give you ease, and a green gown:
Says she, 'tis good, Sir, to stir the blood, Sir,
For the green-sickness, friend, will make me like it.
Then in a minute, I left my gennet,

And went aside with her into a thicket:
Then with her leave there, a dose I gave her,
She strait confess'd, her sickness I did pick it.

I went to leave her, but this did grieve her,
For panting on the grass, she did complain:
Saying, physician, my sick condition,
I fear, will suddenly return again:

If you deny me, and don't supply me,
With many potions of your sweetest pleasure;

Then prithee gallant, improve thy talent,
 Since we have opportunity and leisure.
 With such like greeting, my pretty sweeting,
 She seem'd to press upon me without measure.

'Twas summer weather, we sat together,
 And chatted all the pleasant afternoon;
 No one was near us, to over-hear us,
 At length I said, I'd put my pipes in tune,
 To give a glister; with that I kiss'd her,
 She cry'd another fit does round me hover;
 With the green rushes I'll veil my blushes,
 For in my cheeks you may discover,
 What's my desire; love, never tire,
 For oh! I long, I long to be a mother.

With that I told her, that I would hold her
 A guinea to a groat it should be so;
 In nine months after, a son or daughter,
 Will be your lucky lot, dear love, I know.
 Quoth she, you vapour, and draw your rapier,
 But yet, methinks, too soon you seem to tire;
 I'll lay a shilling, if you are willing,
 That nine months hence I have not my desire;
 Except you'll venture, once more to enter,
 Alas! the name of mother I admire.

Because I'd ease her, and fully please her,
 I took a lodging for my Endfield lass;
 Who was a beauty, and knew her duty,
 The night we did in youthful pleasures pass,
 With melting blisses, and charming kisses,
 On downy beds secure from wind and weather;
 And in the morning, by day's adorning,
 We rose and drank a glass of wine together.
 With joys I crown'd her, for then I found her
 To have a heart far lighter than a feather.

I have

I have cur'd her, likewise assur'd her,
 If e'er it was my luck to come that way,
 I'd pawn my honour, to call upon her,
 But for that time I could no longer stay:
 The loving creature, of pure good nature,
 She gave me twenty kisses when we parted;
 Because she never had found such favour,
 In love's soft pleasures to be so diverted:
 Then strait I mounted; for why? I counted
 'Twas time I had her company deserted.

Song XXV. *Winchester Wedding.*

AT Winchester there was a wedding,

The like was never seen,

'Twixt lusty Ralph of Reading,

And bonny black Bess of the Green.

The fiddlers were crowding before;

Each lass was as fine as a Queen;

There was a hundred, and more,

For all the country came in;

Brisk Robin led Rosy so fair,

She look'd like a lilly o' th' vale:

And ruddy-fac'd Harry led Mary,

And Roger led bouncing Nell.

With Tommy came smiling Katy,

He helpt her over the stile,

And swore there was none so pretty

In forty and forty long mile.

Kit gave a green-gown to Betty,

And lent her his hand to rise;

But Jenny was jeer'd by Watty,

For looking blue under the eyes:

Thus merrily chatting all,

They pals'd to the bride-house along,

With Johnny, and pretty fac'd Nancy,

The fairest of all the throng.

The bridegroom came out to meet 'em,
 Afraid the dinner was spoil'd,
 And usher'd 'em in to treat 'em,
 With bak'd, and roasted, and boil'd.
 The lads were frolick and jolly,
 For each had his love by his side;
 But Willy was melancholy,
 For he had a mind to the bride:
 Then Philip begins her health,
 And turns a beer-glass on his thumb;
 But Jenkin was reckon'd for drinking,
 The best in christendom.

And now they had din'd, advancing
 Into the midst of the hall,
 The fiddlers struck up for dancing,
 And Jeremy led up the ball:
 But Margery kept her quarter,
 A lass that was proud of her pelf,
 'Cause Arthur had stol'n her garter,
 And swore he would tie it himself:
 She struggl'd, and blush'd, and frown'd,
 And ready with anger to cry,
 'Cause Arthur in tying her garter,
 Had slipped his hand too high:

And now for throwing the stocking,
 The bride away was led;
 The bridegroom got drunk, and was knocking
 For candles to light him to bed.
 But Robin finding him silly,
 Most friendly took him aside,
 'The while that his wife with Willey
 Was playing at Hooper's hide.
 And now the warm game begins,
 The critical minute was come,
 And chatting, and billing, and kissing,
 Went merrily round the room.

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Pert Stephen was kind to Betty,
And blith as a bird in the spring;
And Tommy was so to Kitty,
And wedded her with a rush-ring.
Sukey, that danc'd with the cushion,
An hour from the room had been gone;
And Barnaby knew, by her blushing,
That some other dance had been done.
And thus of fifty fair maids,
That came to the wedding with men,
Scarce five of the fifty were left ye,
That so did return home again.

Song XXVI. *Black-ey'd Susan.*

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd Susan came aboard,
Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew?
William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He stop'd, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And (quicker as lightning) on the deck he stands.
So the sweet lark, high-pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet,
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.
O Susan! Susan! lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;

Songs and Ballads.

Let me kiss off that falling tear:
We only part to meet again:
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the land-men say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In ev'ry port a mistress find;
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wherefoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright;
Thy breath is Africk's spicy gale;
Thy skin is ivory so white:
Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Though battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return;
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread:
No longer must she stay aboard:
They kiss'd, she sigh'd; he hung his head:
Her leſ'ning boat unwilling rows to land,
Adieu! she cries, and waves her lilly hand.



Song XXVII. *Cupid, God of pleasing, &c.*

CUPID, god of pleasing anguish,
Teach th' enamour'd swain to languish,
I each him fierce desires to know :

Heroes would be lost in story,
Did not love inspire their glory,
Did not love inspire their glory ;
Love does all that's great below,
Love does all that's great below.

Song XXVIII. *Come, follow, follow me.*

Come, follow follow me,
Ye fairy elves that be,
Light tripping o'er the green,
Come, follow Mab your Queen :
Hand in hand we'll dance around,
For all this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest,
Unheard, and unespied,
Through key-holes we do glide,
Over tables, stools, and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And if the house be foul,
With platter, dish, or bowl,
Up stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the fluts asleep ;
Then we pinch them arms and thighs :
None us hears, and none us spies.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And surely she is paid :

Every night before we go,
We drop a tester in her shoe.

Then o'er a mushroom's head
Our table-cloth is spread ;
A grain of rye, or wheat,
The diet that we eat ;
Pearly drops of dew we drink,
In acorn cups, fill'd to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
With unctious fat of snails,
Between two cockles stew'd,
Is meat that's eas'ly chew'd ;
And brains of worms, and marrow of mice,
Do make a feast that's wond'rous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve for our mintrelly ;
Grace said, we dance awhile,
And so the time beguile :
But if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm light us home to bed.

Oe'r tops of dewy grass,
So nimbly we do pass ;
The young and tender stalk,
Ne'er bends where we do walk :
Yet in the morning may be seen,
Where we the night before have been.



Song XXIX. *The Spring's a coming.*

Young virgins love pleasure,
 As misers do treasure,
 And both alike study to heighten the measure,
 Their hearts they will rifle,
 For ev'ry new trifle ;
 And when in their teens fall in love for a song :
 But soon as they marry,
 And find things miscarry,
 Oh ! how they sigh, that they were not more wary ;
 Instead of soft wooing,
 They run to their ruin,
 And all their lives after drag sorrow along.

Song XXX. *Young Philoret and Celia.*

Young Philoret
 And Celia met,
 In an old shady grove ;
 The nymph was coy ;
 The am'rous boy,
 Still sigh'd, and talk'd of love.
 He prais'd her face,
 Her air, her grace,
 Her lovely charming mien ;
 And swore she was
 The brightest lass,
 That tript it on the green.
 With skilful tongue,
 The shepherd sung,
 And told a melting tale ;
 But all his art
 To touch her heart,
 Prov'd vain, nor could prevail :
 Th' insulting fair,
 With scornful air,

Still

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Still mock'd the love-sick swain ;
 And while he sigh'd,
 She still reply'd,
 I've pleasure in your pain.

Song XXXI. *Ye Beaus of Pleasure.*

YE beaus of pleasure,
 Whose wit at leisure
 Can count love's treasure,
 Its joy and smart :
 At my desire,
 With me retire,
 To know what fire
 Consumes my heart.

Three moons that hasted,
 Are hardly wasted,
 Since I was blasted,
 With beauty's ray :
 Aurora shews ye,
 No face so rosy ;
 No July's posy,
 So fresh and gay.

Her skin by nature,
 No ermine better,
 Though that fine creature,
 Is white as snow :
 With blooming graces
 Adorn'd her face is ;
 Her flowing tresses,
 As black as flow.

She's tall and slender,
 She's soft and tender ;
 Some god commend her,
 My wit's too low.

'Twere

'Twere joyful plunder,
To bring her under :
She's all a wonder,
From top to toe.

Then cease, ye sages,
To quote dull pages,
That in all ages,
Our minds are free ;
Though great your skill is,
So strong the will is,
My love for Phillis,
Must ever be.

Song XXXII. *When bright Aurelia, &c.*

WHEN bright Aurelia tript the plain,
How chearful then were seen
The looks of ev'ry jolly swain,
That strove Aurelia's heart to gain,
With gambols on the green.

Their sports were innocent, and gay,
Mixt with a manly air ;
They'd sing, and dance, and pipe, and play,
Each strove to please some different way,
This dear enchanting fair.

The ambitious strife she did admire,
And equally approve ;
'Till Phaon's tuneful voice and lyre,
With softest musick did inspire
Her soul to generous love.

Their wonted sports the rest declin'd,
Their arts prov'd all in vain :
Aurelia's constant now, they find ;
The more they languish, and repin'd,
The more she loves the swain.

Song

Song XXXIII. *Happy Dick.*

WHence comes it, neighbour Dick,
 That you, with youth uncommon,
 Have serv'd the girls this trick,
 And wedded an old woman?
 Happy Dick!

Each Belle condemns the choice,
 Of a youth so gay and sprightly;
 But we your friends rejoice,
 That you have judg'd so rightly:
 Happy Dick!

I though odd to some it sounds,
 That on threescore you ventur'd;
 Yet, in ten thousand pounds,
 Ten thousand charms are center'd:
 Happy Dick!

Beauty, we know, will fade,
 As doth the short-liv'd flower;
 Nor can the fairest maid,
 Insure her bloom an hour:
 Happy Dick!

Then wisely you resign,
 For sixty, charms so transient;
 As the curious value coin
 The more for being ancient:
 Happy Dick!

With joy your spouse shall see,
 The fading beauties round her,
 And she herself still be,
 The same that first you found her:
 Happy Dick!

Oft is the married state
With jealousies attended ;
And hence, through foul debate,¹
Are nuptial joys suspended :
Happy Dick !

But you, with such a wife,
No jealous fears are under ;
She's yours alone, for life,
Or much we all shall wonder :
Happy Dick !

Her death would grieve you fore,
But let not that torment you ;
My life, she'll see fourscore,
If that will but content you :
Happy Dick !

On this you may rely,
For the pains you took to win her,
She'll ne'er in child-bed die,
Unless the D——l's in her :
Happy Dick !

Some have the name of hell,
To matrimony given ;
How falsely you can tell,
Who find it such a heaven :
Happy Dick !

With you each day and night
Is crown'd with joy and gladness ;
While envious virgins bite
The hated sheets with madness :
Happy Dick !

With spouse long share the bliss,
Y'had mis'd in any other ;
And when you've bury'd this,
May you have such another :
Happy Dick !

Observing hence, by you,
 In marriage such decorum,
 Our wiser youth shall do,
 As you have done before 'em:
 Happy Dick !

Song XXXIV. *Would Fate to me, &c.*

Would fate to me Belinda give,
 With her alone I'd chuse to live;
 Variety I'd ne'er require,
 Nor a greater, nor a greater,
 Nor a greater bliss desire.

My charming nymph, if you can find
 Amongst the race of human kind,
 A man that loves you more than I,
 I'll resign you, I'll resign you,
 I'll resign you, though I die.

Let my Belinda fill my arms,
 With all her beauties, all her charms;
 With scorn and pity I'd look down
 On the glories, on the glories,
 On the glories of a crown.



Song XXXV. *What tho' they call me.*

WHAT though they call me Country-Lads,
 I plainly rean it in my glafs,
 That for a dutchess I might pass:

Oh! could I see the day!

Would fortune but attend my call,
 At park, at play, at ring, and ball,
 I'd brave the proudest of them all,

With a stand-by——clear the way.

Surrounded by a croud of beaus,
 With smart toupees, and powder'd clothes:

At rivals I'll turn up my nose;

Oh! could I see the day!

I'll dart such glances from these eyes,
 Shall make some lord, or duke, my prize;
 And then, oh! how I'll tyrannize!

With a stand-by——clear the way.

Oh! then for ev'ry new delight!

For equipage, and diamonds bright,
 Quadrille, and plays, and balls all night:

Oh! could I see the day!

Of love and joy I'd take my fill,
 The tedious hours of life to kill;

In ev'ry thing I'd have my will:

With a stand-by——clear the way!



Song XXXVI. *Would you have a young.*

WOULD you have a young virgin of fifteen years,
 You must tickle her fancy with sweets and dears,
 Ever toying, and playing, and sweetly, sweetly,
 Sing a love-sonnet, and charm her ears;
 Witley, prettily talk her down;
 Chase her, and praise her, if fair, or brown;
 Sooth her, and smooth her,
 And teaze her, and please her;
 And touch but her smicket, and all's your own.

Do you fancy a widow, well-known in man,
 With a front of assurance come boldly on;
 Be at her each moment, and briskly, briskly,
 Put her in mind how her time steals on;
 Rattle and prattle, although she frown,
 Rouze her, and touze her, from morn to noon;
 And shew her some hour,
 You'll answer her dower;
 And get but her writings, and all's your own.

Do you fancy a punk of a humour free,
 That's kept by a fumbler of quality;
 You must rail at her keeper, and tell her, tell her,
 That pleasure's best charm is variety;
 Swear her much fairer than all the town;
 Try her, and ply her, when Cully's gone;
 Dog her, and jog her,
 And meet her, and treat her,
 And kiss with a guinea, and all's your own.



Song XXXVII. *What shall I do.*

WHAT shall I do to shew how much I love her?
 How many millions of sighs can suffice?
 That which wins other hearts never can move her,
 Those common methods of love she'll despise.

I will love more than man e'er lov'd before me,
 Gaze on her all the day, melt all the night;
 Till, for her own sake, at last she'll implore me,
 To love her less to preserve our delight.

Since gods themselves cannot ever be loving,
 Men must have breathing recruits for new joys;
 I wish my love could be always improving;
 Though eager love more than sorrow destroys.

In fair Aurelia's arms leave me expiring,
 To be embalm'd by the sweets of her breath;
 To the last moment I'll still be desiring:
 Never had hero so glorious a death.

Song XXXVIII. *As down in a meadow.*

AS down in the meadow one morning I pass'd,
 Oh there I beheld a beautiful lass;
 Her age I am sure it was scarcely fifteen,
 And she on her head wore a garland of green;
 Her lips were like rubies, and as for her eyes,
 They sparkled like di'monds, or stars in the skies;
 And as for her voice, it was charming and clear,
 And she sung a song for the loss of her dear.

Why does my love Billy prove false and unkind?
 What makes him to change like the wavering wind?
 From one that is loyal in ev'ry degree,
 What makes him to change to another from me?
 O does he delight in my sad overthrow!
 Or does he delight to torture me so?
 His Susan will always prove true to her trust,
 I'm sorry that Billy should prove so unjust.

In the meadows, as we were a making of hay,
 O there we did pass the sweet minutes away;
 And, as we went early to harrow and plough,
 I milk'd him sweet fillabubs under my cow;
 O then I was kissed, and set on his knee,
 No man in the world was so loving as he:
 I lull'd him to sleep, and I watch'd him the while,
 And when he did wake, it was with a sweet smile.

But now he has left me, and Fanny the fair,
 Imploys all his wishes, his thoughts, and his care;
 He kisses her hand, and sets her on his knee,
 And says all the fine things he once said to me;
 But if she believes him, the false-hearted swain
 Will leave her, and then she with me may complain;
 For nothing's more certain, believe silly Sue,
 Who once has been false will never prove true.

Her song being ended, she rose to be gone,
 When over the meadow came jolly young John;
 He told her, that she was the joy of his life,
 And if she'd consent, he'd make her his wife;
 Which she not refusing, to church they both went,
 Young Billy forgot, and young Susan content:
 Most men are like Billy, most women like Sue,
 And if men will be false, why should women prove true?

Song

Song XXXIX. *Tunbridge-Doctors.*

YE maidens, ye wives, and young widows, rejoice,
 Proclaim a thanksgiving with your heart and your voice,
 Since waters were waters, I dare boldly say,
 Ye ne'er had more cause for a thanksgiving-day.
 For from London-town there is lately come down
 Four able physicians, who never wore gown,
 Whose physick is pleasant, though their doses are large,
 And you may be cur'd, without danger or charge.

No bolus, no vomit, no potion, no pill,
 Which sometimes do cure, but oftner do kill;
 Your taste, or your palate, need ne'er be displeas'd,
 If you'll be advis'd, you'd buy one of these:
 For they have a new drug, 'tis call'd the close hug,
 'Twill mend your complection, and make you look smug;
 'Tis a sovereign balsam, when once well apply'd,
 For, though wounded at heart, the patient ne'er dy'd.

In the morning you need not be robb'd of your rest,
 For in your warm bed this physick works best;
 What, tho' in the taking some stirring's requir'd,
 The motion's so pleasant, you cannot be tir'd:
 On your backs you must lie, with your bodies rais'd high,
 And one of these doctors must always be nigh,
 Who still will be ready to cover you warm;
 For if you take cold, all physick does harm.

But before these doctors will give their direction,
 They always consult the patient's complection;
 If she has a moist palm, or a red head-of-hair,
 She requires more balsam than one man can spare;
 If she has a long nose, the L- d above knows
 How many great handfuls must go to her dose:
 You ladies that have such ill symptoms as these,
 In conscience and honour should pay double fees.

And

And so let us give to these doctors due praise,
 Who to all kind of persons their favour conveys ;
 On the ugly, for pity's sake, skill should be shown,
 But as for the handsome, they're cur'd for their own.
 On their silver or gold they never lay hold,
 For what comes so freely, they scorn should be sold :
 Then join with these doctors, and heartily pray,
 That the power of their physick may never decay.

Song XL. If you will love me, be free.

IF you will love me, be free in expressing it,
 And henceforth give me no cause to complain ;
 Or if you hate me, be plain in confessing it,
 And in few words put me out of my pain.
 This long delaying, with sighing and praying,
 Breeds only decaying in life and amour,
 Cooing and wooing,
 And daily pursuing,
 Is damn'd filly doing, therefore I'll give o'er.
 If you'll propose a kind method of ruling me,
 I may return to my duty again ;
 But if you stick to your old way of fooling me,
 I must be plain, I'm none of your men ;
 Passion for passion on each kind occasion,
 With free inclination does kindle love's fire,
 But tedious prating,
 Coy folly debating,
 And new doubts creating still make it expire.



Song XLI. *The Lady's Answer.*

[To the same Tune.]

YOU love, and yet when I ask you to marry me,
 Still have recourse to the tricks of your art,
 Then like a fencer you cunningly parry me,
 Yet the same time make a pass at my heart.
 Fye, fye, deceiver,
 No longer endeavour,
 Or think this way ever the fort will be won;
 No fond caressing
 Must be, nor unlacing,
 Or tender embracing, till th' parson has done.
 Some say that marriage a dog with a bottle is,
 Pleasing their humours to rail at their wives;
 Others declare it an ape with a rattle is,
 Comfort's destroyer, and plague of their lives:
 Some are affirming,
 A trap 'tis for vermin,
 And yet with the bait, tho' not prison agree,
 Vent'ring that chouse you,
 Must let me espouse you,
 If e'er, my dear mouse, you will nibble at me.

Song XLII. *Great Lord Frog to Lady Mouse.*

GREAT lord Frog to lady Mouse,
 Croakledom hee croakledom ho;
 Dwelling near St. James's-house,
 Cocky mi chari she;
 Rode to make his court one day,
 In the merry month of May,
 When the sun shone bright and gay,
 Twiddle come tweedle twee.

Lord

A Complete Collection of

Lord Frog.

Countess, you've three daughters fine,
Croakledom hee croakledom ho;

I'd fain make the youngest mine,

Cocky mi chari she:

I'm well-made as ever was male;

Only bating one simple ail;

Pox upon't, I've never a tail,

Twiddle come tweedle twee.

Lady Mouse.

Welcome noble peer to town,

Croakledom hee croakledom ho;

I'll strait call my darling down,

Cocky mi cari she:

So much wealth will sure prevail,

Yet I wish that you might not fail;

Your fine lordship had a tail,

Twiddle come tweedle twee.

Lord Frog.

Here she comes shall be my spouse,

Croakledom hee croakledom ho;

If she'll design to grace my house,

Cocky my cari she:

I've a head where love can plant;

Tho' a trifling tail I want;

Will you, fair one, liking grant,

Twiddle come tweedle twee.

Miss Mouse.

I can ne'er to one consent,

Croakledom hee croakledom ho;

Wants that needful ornament,

Cocky my cari me:

Uncle rat too so well known,

That a swinger has on's own;

Ne'er will let me wed to none,

Twiddle come tweedle twee.

Lord

A Complete Collection of

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Lord Frog.

Sing I can't, my voice is low,
Croakledom hee croakledom ho;
But for dancing dare Santlow,
Cocky my cari she:
Then altho' my bum be bare,
All must own 'tis smooth and fair;
I've no scars of Venus there,
Twiddle come tweedle twee.

Miss Mouse.

When we treat you at our cheese,
Croakledom hee croakledom ho;
All that naked part one sees,
Cocky my cari me:
Cover'd close, we creep and crawl;
When you swim, or diving fall,
Fie for shame, you shew us all,
Twiddle come tweedle twee.

Lord Frog.

Since y'are on these lofty strains,
Croakledom hee croakledom ho;
I'll get one shall value brains,
Cocky my cari she:

Miss Mouse.

Now your lordship idly prates,
Those that will have constant mates,
Must have tails as well as pates,
Twiddle come tweedle twee.



H

Song

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Song XLIII. *Hark! the thund'ring Cannons.*

HARK! the thund'ring cannons roar,
Ecchoing from the German shore,
And the joyful news comes o'er,
The Turks are all confounded!
Lorraine comes, they run, they run,
Charge your horse thro' the grand half moon,
We'll quarter give to none,
Since Staremberg is wounded.

Close your ranks, and each brave soul
Take a lusty flowing bowl,
A grand carouse to the royal Pole,
The empire's brave defender;
No man leave his post by stealth,
Plunder the Grand Visier's wealth,
But drink a helmet full to th' health
Of the second Alexander.

Mahomet was a sober dog,
A small-beer, drowsy, senseless rogue,
The juice of the grape so much in vogue,
To forbid those to adore him;
Had he but allow'd the vine,
Given 'em leave to carouse in wine,
The Turk had safely pass'd the Rhine,
And conquer'd all before him.

With dull tea they fought in vain,
Hopeless vict'ry to obtain;
Where sprightly wine fills ev'ry vein,
Success must needs attend him;
Our brains (like our cannons) warm,
With often firing feel no harm,
While the sober sot flies the alarm,
No laurel can befriend him.

Christians

Christians thus with conquest crown'd,
Conquest with the glass goes round,
Weak coffee can't keep its ground

Against the force of claret:
Whilst we give them thus the foil,
And the pagan troops recoil,
The valiant Poles divide the spoil,
And in brisk nectar share it.

Infidels are now o'ercome,
But the most Christian Turk's at home,
Watching the fate of Christendom,
But all his hopes are shallow;
Since the Poles have led the dance,
Let English Cæsar now advance,
And if he sends a fleet to France,
He's a Whig that will not follow.

Song XLIV. *One April-morn, &c.*

ONE April-morn, when from the sea
Phœbus was just appearing;
Damon and Celia young and gay,
Long settled love endearing,
Met in a grove to vent their spleen
On parents unrelenting;
He bred of Tory race had been,
She of the tribe Dissenting.

Celia, whose eyes outshone the god,
Newly the hills adorning;
Told him, mamma wou'd be stark mad,
She missing pray'rs that morning;
Damon, his arm around her waist,
Swore, that nought should 'em sunder;
Shou'd my rough dad know how I'm blest,
'Twou'd make him roar like thunder.

Great ones, whom proud ambition blinds;
 By faction still support it;
 Or where vile money taints the mind,
 They for convenience court it:
 But mighty love, that scorns to shew
 Party shou'd raise his glory,
 Swears he'll exalt a vassal true,
 Let it be Whig or Tory.

Song XLV. *Since Times are so bad.*

He. **S**ince times are so bad, I must tell you, sweetheart,
 I'm thinking to leave off my plough and my cart;
 And to the fair city a journey will go,
 To better my fortune, as other folk do:
 Since some have from ditches,
 And coarse leather breeches,
 Been rais'd, been rais'd to be rulers,
 And wallow'd in riches.
 Prithee come, come, come, come from thy wheel,
 Prithee come, &c.
 For, if the gipsies don't lie,
 I shall, I shall be a governor too, ere I die.

She. Ah, Collin! ah, Collin! by all, by all thy late doings,
 I find,
 With sorrow and trouble, with sorrow and trouble the
 pride of thy mind:
 Our sheep now at random disorderly run,
 And now, and now Sunday's jacket goes ev'ry day on;
 Ah! what do'st thou, what do'st thou, what do'st thou
 mean?

He. To make my shoes clean,
 And foot it, and foot it to the court,
 To the King and the Queen,
 Where shewing my parts I preferment shall win.

She.

She. Fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, 'tis better,
'Tis better for us to plough and to spin;
For as to the court, when thou happen'st to try,
Thou'lt find nothing got there, unless thou can'st buy;
For money, the devil, the devil and all's to be found;
But no good parts minded, no, no, no, no good parts
minded without the good pound.

He. Why then I'll take arms, why then I'll take arms,
I'll take arms,
And follow, and follow alarms,
Hunt honour, that now a-days plaguily charms: .

She. And so lose a limb, by a shot or a blow,
And curse thyself after, for leaving, for leaving the
plough.

He. Suppose I turn gamester?

She. So cheat, and be bang'd.

He. What think'st of the road then?

She. The high-way to be hang'd.

He. Nice pimping however yields profit for life,
I'll help some fine lord to another's fine wife.

She. That's dangerous too, amongst the town-crew,
For some of 'em will do the same thing by you;
And then I to cuckold you may be drawn in;
Faith, Collin, 'tis better I sit here and spin,
Faith, Collin, &c.

He. Will nothing prefer me? what think'st of the law?

She. Oh! while you live, Collin, keep out of that paw.

He. I'll cant and I'll pray,

She.

She. Ah! there's nought got, ah! there's nought got that way.

There's no one minds now what those black cattle say ;
Let all our whole care be our farming affair,
To make our corn grow, and our apple-trees bear.

[Verse for two voices.]

Ambition, ambition's a trade, a trade no contentment
can shew ;

She. So I'll to my distaff,

He. And I to my plough ;

Ambition, ambition's a trade, a trade no contentment
can shew.

No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
contentment can shew,

No, no, no, contentment can shew.

CHORUS.

She. Let all our whole care be our farming affair,

To make our corn grow, and our apple-trees bear :

Ambition, ambition's a trade, a trade no contentment
can shew ;

She. So I'll to my distaff,

He. And I to my plough ;

Ambition, ambition's a trade, a trade no contentment
can shew,

No, no, &c.

no contentment can shew,

No, no, no, contentment can shew.

Song XLVI. The Jovial Drinker.

A Pox on those fools, who exclaim against wine,
And fly the dear sweets that the bottle doth bring;
It heightens the fancy, the wit does refine,
And he that was first drunk, was made the first King.

By the help of good claret old-age becomes youth,
And sick men still find this the only physician;
Drink largely, you'll know by experience the truth,
That he that drinks most is the best politician.

To victory this leads on the brave cavalier,
And makes all the terrors of war but delight;
This flushes his courage, and beats off base fear,
'Twas that taught Cæsar and Pompey to fight.
This supports all our friends, and knocks down our foes,
This makes us all loyal men from courtier to clown;
Like Dutchmen from brandy, from this our strength grows:
So 'tis wine, noble wine, that's a friend to the crown.

Song XLVII. Amongst the pure ones all.

A MONGST the pure ones all,
Who conscience do profess;
And yet that sort of conscience
Do practise nothing less:
I mean the sect of those elect,
That loath to live by merit;
That lead their lives with other mens wives,
According unto the spirit.

One met with a holy sister of ours,
A saint who dearly lov'd him:
And fain he would have kiss'd her,
Because the spirit mov'd him.

But she deny'd, and he reply'd,
 You're damn'd unless you do it;
 Therefore consent, do not repent,
 For the spirit doth move me to it.

She not willing to offend, poor soul,
 Yielded unto his motion;
 And what these two did intend,
 Was out of pure devotion:
 To lie with a friend and a brother,
 She thought she should die no sinner;
 But e'er five months were past,
 The spirit was quick within her.

But what will the wicked say,
 When they shall hear of this rumour?
 They'll laugh at us every day,
 And scoff us in every corner:
 Let 'em do so still, if that they will,
 We mean not to follow their fashion,
 They're none of our sect, nor of the elect,
 Nor none of our congregation.

But when the time was come,
 That she was to be laid;
 It was no very great crime,
 Committed by her, they said:
 'Cause they did know, and she did shew
 'Twas done by a friend and a brother;
 But a very great sin, they said, it had been,
 If it had been done by another.



Song XLVIII, *The Fair Lads of Illington.*

THere was a Lads of Illington,
 As I have heard many tell;
 And she would to fair London go,
 Fine apples and pears to sell;
 And as along the streets she flung,
 With her basket on her arm;
 Her pears to sell, you may know it right well,
 This fair maid meant no harm.

But as she tript along the street,
 Her pleasant fruit to sell;
 A Vintner did with her meet,
 Who lik'd this maid full well:
 Quoth he, fair maid, what have you there,
 In basket decked brave?
 Fine pears, quoth she, and if it please ye
 A taste, Sir, you shall have.

The vintner he took a taste,
 And lik'd it well, for why;
 This maid he thought of all the rest,
 Most pleasing to his eye;
 Quoth he, fair maid, I have a suit,
 That you to me must grant;
 Which if I find you be so kind,
 Nothing that you shall want.

Thy beauty doth so please my eye,
 And dazzles so my sight;
 That now of all my liberty,
 I am deprived quite:
 Then prithee now consent to me,
 And do not put me by;
 It is but one small courtely,
 All night with you to lie.

Sir, if you lie with me one night,
As you propound to me;
I do expect that you should prove,
Both courteous, kind and free:
And for to tell you all in short,
It will cost you five pound,
A match, a match, the vintner said,
And so let this go round.

When he had lain with her all night,
Her money she did crave,
O stay, quoth he, the other night,
And thy money thou shalt have:
I cannot stay, nor I will not stay,
I needs must now be gone,
Why then thou may'st thy money go look,
For money I'll pay thee none.

This maid she made no more ado,
But to a justice went;
And unto him she made her moan,
Who did her case lament:
She said she had a Cellar let out,
To a vintner in the town;
And how that he did then agree,
Five pound to pay her down.

But now, quoth she, the case is thus,
No rent that he will pay;
Therefore your worship I beseech,
To send for him this day:
Then strait the justice for him sent,
And asked the reason why;
That he would pay this maid no rent?
To which he did reply,

Although I hired a Cellar of her,
And the possession was mine;
I ne'er put any thing into it,
But one poor pipe of wine:

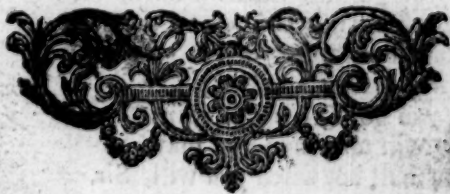
Therefore

Therefore my bargain it was hard,
As you may plainly see;
I from my freedom was debarr'd,
Then good sir favour me.

This fair maid being ripe of wit,
She strait reply'd again;
There were two butts more at the door,
Why did you not roul them in?
You had your freedom, and your will,
As is to you well known;
Therefore I do desire still,
For to receive my own.

The justice hearing of their case,
Did then give order strait;
That he the money should pay down,
She should no longer wait:
Withal he told the vintner plain,
If he a tenant be;
He must expect to pay the same,
For he could not sit rent-free.

But when the money she had got,
She put it in her purse:
And clapt her hand on the cellar door,
And said it was never the worse:
Which caused the people all to laugh,
To see this vintner fine;
Out-witted by a country girl,
About this pipe of wine.



Song XLIX. *There was a Knight, &c.*

THere was a knight, and he was young,
A riding along the way, Sir;
And there he met a lady fair,
Among the cocks of hay, Sir:
Quoth he, shall you and I lady,
Among the grafs lye down a;
And I will have a special care,
Of rumpling of your gown a.

If you will go along with me,
Unto my father's hall, Sir;
You shall enjoy my maidenhead,
And my estate and all, Sir:
So he mounted her on a milk white steed,
Himself upon another;
And then they rid upon the road,
Like sister and like brother.

And when she came to her father's house,
Which was moated round about, Sir;
She stepped streight within the gate,
And shut this young knight out, Sir:
Here is a purse of gold, she said,
Take it for your pains, Sir;
And I will send my father's man,
To go home with you again, Sir:

And if you meet a lady fair,
As you go thro' the next town, Sir;
You must not fear the dew of the grafs,
Nor the rumpling of her gown, Sir:
And if you meet a lady gay,
As you go by the hill, Sir;
If you will not when you may,
You shall not when you will, Sir.

2
 There is a dew upon the grafs,
 Will spoil your damask gown a;
 Which has cost your father dear,
 Many shilling and a crown a:
 There is a wind blows from the west,
 Soon will dry the ground a;
 And I will have a special care,
 Of the rumpling of my gown a, *Yours*

Song L. *Young Coridon and Phillis.*

Young Coridon and Phillis
 Sate in a lovely grove;
 Contriving crowns of lillies,
 Repeating tales of love:
 And something else, but what I dare not, &c.

But as they were a playing,
 She oagled so the swain;
 It sav'd her plainly saying,
 Let's kifs to ease our pain:
 And something else, &c.

A thousand times he kifs'd her,
 Laying her on the green;
 But as he farther prefs'd her,
 Her pretty leg was seen:
 And something else, &c.

So many beauties removing,
 His ardor still increas'd;
 And greater joys pursuing,
 He wander'd o'er her breast:
 And something else, &c.

A last effort she trying,
His passion to withstand ;
Cry'd, but it was faintly crying,
Pray take away your hand :
And something else, &c.

Young Coridon grown bolder,
The minute would improve ;
This is the time he told her,
To shew you how I love :
And something else, &c.

The nymph seem'd almost dying,
Dissolv'd in amorous heat ;
She kiss'd, and told him sighing,
My dear your love is great :
And something else, &c.

But Phillis did recover
Much sooner than the swain ;
She blushing ask'd her lover,
Shall we not kiss again ?
And something else, &c.

Thus love his revels keeping,
'Till nature at a stand ;
From talk they fell to sleeping,
Holding each others hand :
And something else, &c.



Song LI. *Long was the Day, &c.*

LONG was the day e'er Alexis my lover,
 To finish my hopes would his passion reveal;
 He could not speak, nor I could not discover,
 What my poor aking heart was so loath to conceal:
 'Till the strength of his passion his fear had remov'd,
 Then we mutually talk'd, and we mutually lov'd.

Groves for Umbrella's did kindly o'er-shade us
 From Phœbus hot rages, who like envying strove;
 Had not kind fate this provision made us,
 All the nymphs of the air would have envy'd our love;
 But we stand below envy that ill-natur'd fate,
 And above cruel scorn is happy estate.

Song LII. *An Amorous Song. To the Tune
 of, The Bonny Christ-Church Bells.*

SEE how fair and fine she lies,
 Upon her bridal bed;
 No lady at the court,
 So fit for the sport,
 Oh she look'd so curiously white and red:
 After the first and second time,
 The weary bridegroom slack's his pace;
 But oh! she cries, come, come my joy,
 And cling thy cheek close to my face:
 Tinkle, tinkle, goes the bell under the bed,
 Whilst time and touch they keep;
 Then with a kiss,
 They end their bliss,
 And so fall fast asleep.

Song LIII. *A Song sung by Mrs. Champion,
in the Comedy call'd, She wou'd, and she
wou'd not.*

CELIA my heart has often rang'd,
Like bees o'er gaudy flowers;
And many thousand loves have chang'd,
'Till it was fix'd, 'till it was fix'd on yours:
But Celia when I saw those eyes,
'Twas soon, 'twas soon determin'd there:
Stars might as well forsake the skies,
And vanish into air;
Stars might as well forsake the skies,
And vanish into air.

Now if from the great rules I err,
New beauties, new beauties to admire,
May I again, again turn wanderer,
And never, never, never, never, never, no, never,
Never, never, never, never, never, never, never,
Never, never, never, settle more:
May I again, again turn wanderer,
And never, never, never, never, never, no, never,
Never, never, never, never, never, never, never,
Never, never, never, settle more.



Song LIV. *Let's be jovial, fill our Glasses.*

Jolly mortals; fill your glasses,
 Noble deeds are done by wine;
 Scorn the nymph and all her graces,
 Who'd for love or beauty pine?
 Look within the bowl that's flowing,
 And a thousand charms you'll find,
 More than Phillis, though just going
 In the moment to be kind.
 Alexander hated thinking,
 Drank about at council-board;
 He subdu'd the world by drinking,
 More than by his conquer'ing sword.

Song LV. *Cruel Creature can you leave me.*

Cruel creature can you leave me?
 Can you then ungrateful prove?
 Did you court me to deceive me,
 And to slight my constant love.
 False ungrateful, thus to woo me,
 Thus to make my heart a prize;
 First to ruin and undo me,
 Then to scorn and tyrannize.
 Shall I send to heav'n my prayer?
 Shall I all my wrongs relate?
 Shall I curse the dear betrayer?
 No, alas! it is too late.
 Cupid, pity my condition,
 Pierce this unrelenting swain;
 Hear a tender maid's petition,
 And restore my love again.

Song LVI. That all Men are Beggars.

THat all men are beggars, we plainly may see,
 For beggars there are of ev'ry degree,
 Tho' none are so blest or so happy as we,
 Which nobody can deny, deny, which nobody can deny.

The tradesman he begs that his wares you would buy;
 Then begs you'd believe the price is not high,
 And swears 'tis his trade when he tells you a lye.
 Which no body can deny, &c.

The lawyer he begs that you'd give him a fee,
 Tho' he reads not your brief, nor regards not your plea,
 But advises your Foe how to get a decree.
 Which no body can deny, &c.

The courtier he begs for a pension or place,
 A ribbon, a title, or smile from his grace,
 'Tis due to his merit, 'tis writ in his face.
 Which no body can deny, &c.

But if by mishap he should chance to get none,
 He begs you'd believe that the nation's undone;
 There's but one honest man, and himself is that one.
 Which no body dare deny, &c.

The fair one who labours whole mornings at home
 New charms to create, and much paint to consume,
 Yet begs you'd believe 'tis her natural bloom.
 Which no body should deny, &c.

The courtier he begs the dear nymph to comply,
 She begs he'd be gone, yet with a languishing eye,
 Still begs he would stay, for a maid she can't die;
 Which none but a fool would deny, &c.



Song L.VII. *I had rather enjoy.*

I Had rather enjoy
 A girl that is coy,
 Than one who is easy persuaded;
 For though for a while,
 She scarcely will smile,
 Yet at length her fort is invaded.
 When then she's possess'd,
 You doubly are bless'd.
 Tho' from pleasure awhile you're confin'd;
 The heart is on fire
 With zealous desire,
 And the joy of a lover refin'd.
 The pleasure's not full,
 But damnably dull,
 When too willing a madam we find;
 I'd have her first frown,
 Her passion disown,
 And begin, by degrees, to be kind.

Song LVIII. *'Twas in the Land of Cyder.*

'T Was in the land of Cyder,
 At a place call'd Brampton-Bryon,
 Such a prank was plaid
 'Twixt man and maid,
 That all the saints cry'd fie on.
 For gentle John and Susan
 Were oft at recreation:
 To tell the truth,
 This vig'rous youth
 Caus'd a dreadful conflagration.

Both morning, noon, and night, Sir,
Brisk John was at her crupper ;

He got in her geers
Five times before pray'rs,
And six times after supper.

John being well provided,
So closely did solace her,
That Susan's waistle,
So slackly lac'd,
Shew'd signs of babe of grace, Sir.

But when the knight perceived
That Susan had been sinning,
And that this last,
For want of grace,
Lov'd kissing more than spinning :

To cleanse the house from scandal,
And filthy fornication ;
Of all such crimes
To shew the times
His utter detestation ;

He took both bed and bolster,
Nay, blankets, sheets, and pillows,
With Johnny's frock,
And Susan's smock,
And burnt them in the kiln-house.

And every vile utensil
On which they had been wicked ;
As chairs, joint-stools,
Old trunks, close-stools,
And eke the three-legg'd cricket.

But had each thing defiled
Been burnt at Brampton-Bryon,
We all must grant
The knight would want
Himself a bed to lie on.

Song LIX. *Prithee Chloe give o'er.*

PRithee, Chloe, give o'er,
 And perplex me no more,
 For, my charmer, it looks very queerly,
 That in blooming fifteen,
 Thou'rt afraid to be seen
 By a shepherd who loves thee most dearly.

When with speed I pursue,
 Intending to woo,
 And tell thee how much I'm thy lover,
 Like a fearful young lamb
 Runs after its dam,
 So thou fly'st away to thy mother.

I know 't has been told,
 That the patriarchs of old
 Spent threescore years in their wooing;
 'Twas no wonder then
 That a nymph of fifteen
 Should be coy when a swain was pursuing.

But, my charmer, I vow,
 'Tis a miracle now,
 That a nymph in her teens should fly any;
 When I dare now engage,
 Not a man in the age
 But thinks threescore days are too many.

Then prithee, my joy,
 No longer be coy,
 But let am'rous desires inflame ye;
 Surrender thy charms,
 And take me to thy arms,
 And thou'lt soon love me better than mammy.

Song LX. *Chloe, be wise.*

CHLOE, be wise, no more perplex me,
Slight not my love at such a rate;
Should I your scorn return, 'twill vex you,
Love much abus'd will turn to hate.

How can so lovely, fair a creature
Put on the looks of cold disdain;
Women were first design'd by nature
To give a pleasure, and not a pain.

Kindness creates a flame that's lasting,
When other charms are fled away.
Think then the time we now are wasting;
Throw off those frowns, and love obey.

Song LXI. *Gently touch the warbling Lyre.*

GENTLY touch the warbling lyre,
Chloe seems inclin'd to rest;
Fill her soul with fond desire,
Softest notes will sooth her breast;
Pleasing dreams assist in love,
Let them all propitious prove.

On the mossy bank she lies,
(Nature's verdant velvet bed)
Beauteous flowers meet her eyes,
Forming pillows for her head;
Zephyrs waft their odours round,
And indulgent whispers sound.

Song LXII. *Once I lov'd a charming.*

ONCE I lov'd a charming creature,
 But the flame with which I burn,
 Is not for each tender feature,
 Nor for her wit, nor sprightly turn,
 But for her down, down, derry down;
 But for her down, &c.

On the grass I saw her lying,
 Strait I seiz'd her tender waist,
 On her back she lay complying,
 With her lovely body plac'd,
 Under my down, &c.

But the nymph being young and tender,
 Cou'd not bear the dreadful smart,
 Still unwilling to surrender,
 Call'd mamma to take the part
 Of her down, &c.

Out of breath mamma came running,
 To prevent poor Nanny's fate,
 But the girl, now grown more cunning,
 Cry'd, mamma, you're come too late,
 For I am down, &c.



Song LXIII. *'Twas when the Seas were roaring.*

TWAS when the seas were roaring,
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploing,
All on a rock reclin'd;
Wide o'er the roaring billows
She cast a wishful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows;
That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months were gone and over,
And nine long tedious days;
Why did'st thou, vent'rous lover,
Why did'st thou trust the seas,
Cease, cease then, cruel ocean,
And let my lover rest;
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast?

The merchant, robb'd of treasure,
Views tempests in despair;
But what's the loss of treasure;
To the losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow;
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain,
Why then beneath the water
Do hideous rocks remain!
No eyes those rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
 Thus wail'd she for her dear,
 Repaid each blast with sighing,
 Each billow with a tear :
 When o'er the wide waves stooping,
 His floating corps she spy'd;
 Then like a lilly drooping,
 She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

Song LXIV. *Whilst the Town's brim-full.*

WHILST the town's brim-full of folly,
 And runs gadding after Polly,
 Let us take a cheerful glass.
 Tell me, Damon, where's the pleasure
 Of bestowing time and treasure,
 For to make one's self an ass ?
 Tell me, &c.

I am for joys are less expensive,
 Where the pleasure's more extensive,
 And from dull attention free;
 Where my Celia, o'er a bottle,
 Can, when tir'd with am'rous prattle,
 Sing old songs as well as she.



L

Song

*Does this allude to some favorite
 Polly then acting in the Beggar's
 Opera whose kisses were rather expensive.*

Song LXV. *Ghosts of ev'ry Occupation.*

GHOSTS of ev'ry occupation,
 Ev'ry rank and ev'ry nation;
 Some with crimes all foul and spotted,
 Some to happy fates allotted,
 Press the Stygian lake to pass.
 Here a foldier roars like thunder,
 Prates of wenches, wine and plunder,
 Statesmen here the times accusing;
 Poets sense for rhimes abusing;

Lawyers chatt'ring,
 Courtiers flatt'ring,
 Bullies ranting,
 Zealots canting;

Knaves and fools of ev'ry class!
 Knaves and fools, &c.

Song LXVI. *Despairing beside a clear Stream.*

BY the side of a great kitchen-fire,
 A scullion so hungry was laid;
 A pudding was all his desire,
 A kettle supported his head:
 The hogs that were fed by the house,
 To his sighs with a grunt did reply;
 And a gutter that car'd not a louse,
 Ran mournfully muddily by.

But when it was set in a dish,
 Thus sadly complaining he cry'd,
 My mouth it does water and wish;
 I think it had better been fry'd.

The butter around it was spread,
'Twas as great as a prince in his chair:
Oh! cou'd I but eat it, he said,
The proof of the pudding lies there.

How foolish was I to believe
It was made for so homely a clown;
Or that it would have a reprieve
From the dainty fine folks of the town!
Could I think that a pudding so fine,
Could ever uneaten remove?
We labour that others may dine,
And live in a kitchen on love.

What tho' at the fire I've wrought,
Where puddings do boil and do fry?
Tho' part of it hither be brought,
And none of it ever set by?
Ah! Collin! thou must not be first!
Thy knife and thy platter resign;
There's Marg'ret will eat till she burst,
And her turn is sooner than thine.

And you my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me so pale;
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear at a pudding to rail:
Tho' thro' all the rooms I should rove,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to go;
'Tis its fate to be often above,
'Tis mine for to want it below.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
In your breast any pity be found,
Ye servants that early do dine,
Come see how I lie on the ground:
Then hang up a pan and a pot,
And sorrow to see how I dwell;

And

And say, when you grieve at my lot,
 Poor Collin lov'd pudding too well:

Then back to your meat you may go,
 Which you set in your dishes so prim,
 Where sauce in the middle does flow,
 And flowers are strew'd on the brim:
 Whilst Collin forgotten, and gone,
 By the hedges shall dismally rove,
 Unless when he sees the round moon,
 He thinks on a pudding above.

Song LXVII. *Black Joak.*

OF all the girls in our town,
 Or black, or yellow, or fair, or brown,
 With their soft eyes, and faces so bright;
 Give me a girl that's blith and gay,
 As warm as June, and as sweet as May,
 With her heart free, and faithful as light.
 What lovely couple then cou'd be
 So happy and so blest as we?
 On whom eternal joys wou'd smile,
 And all the cares of life beguile,
 Entranc'd in bliss each rapt'rous night.



Song LXVIII. *Fly me not, Sylvia.*

C E L I A ! my dearest, no longer depreſs me,
But haſten to bleſs me
And fly to my arms.
O could I charm you !
How I would warm you !
How I would revel and ſport in your arms !

No one is near,
Why ſhould we fear ?
Why ſhould we then theſe moments delay ?
If I've offended,
I ne'er intended ;
I'll beg your pardon another day.

Song LXIX. *Once in our Lives.*

O N C E in our lives,
Let us drink to our wives,
Tho' their numbers be but ſmall ;
Heaven take the beſt,
And the devil take the reſt,
And ſo we ſhall get rid of them all :
To this hearty wiſh
Let each man take his diſh,
And drink, drink, till he fall.



Song

Song LXX.

OH London is a fine town, and a gallant city,
 'Tis govern'd by the scarlet gown, come listen to
 my ditty;

This city has a Mayor, this Mayor is a Lord,
 He governeth the citizens upon his own accord :
 He boasteth his gentility, and how nobly he was born,
 His arms are three ox-heads, and his crest a rampant horn.

The first journey his lordship takes is to Westminster-hall,
 Attended by twelve companies, for he must have 'em all;
 The barges are made all fine and gay, for his lordship, and
 the best,

And dung boats and lyters provided for the rest.

Then at the Exchequer he's sworn upon a shoe-foal,
 That he will be nowiser man than was his brother Jubernol.
 The sword is borne before 'em up and down the stairs,
 To fright away the little boys that laugh at our Lord-Mayors.

And when that is ended, home again he comes,
 With joyful noise upon the Thames of trumpets and of
 drums ;

His Lordship lands at Paul's-Wharf, and on along he jogs,
 Attended by his companies, as hungry as any dogs.

Then in comes the carver, and boldly falls to work,
 With knife like scimiter as fierce as any Turk ;
 He hit upon the goose-bone, and turn'd both edge and point,
 Till he look'd upon my Lord-Mayor, he could not hit the
 joint.

Then up came custard with twenty-four nukes,
 As you may find recorded in John Stow's books ;
 And why it was so big, if you would know the reason,
 It was to keep their chaps at work that would be prating
 treason.

Then

Then they go to Greenwich all in the city-barge,
And there they have a noble treat all at the city-charge ;
And when they come to Cuckold's-Point they make a gal-
lant show,
Their wives bid the musick play Cuckolds all a-row.

Then they go to Paul's Church e're morning-prayer begins,
And as they go along the street, they stoop to pick up pins;
But if you'd know, I'll tell you the moral reason of it,
They that would to riches grow, must stoop for little profit.

My Lord-Mayor rides along the street like unto a law-maker,
With forty catchpoles at his arse to prosecute the baker ;
And when he comes to the baker's stall, and finds his bread
too light,
He sends it home to his own house, to feast both lord and
knight.

Then to the sessions-house they go, the sessions for to keep,
Until that the Recorder comes they all are fast asleep ;
They call up their juries by twelves and by twelves,
And if they hang up no man, they may go hang themselves.

So then they borrow boots and spurs, and out of town they
To see the bears baited on the bank-side ; (ride,
And when that they have done, they all return again,
Like so many apes, with each his golden chain.

Then to hear a sermon once a year, he rides unto the Spittle,
And there sits full three hours long, and brings away but little;
And when that he comes home, he sits down at his board,
And if he has not minc'd-pies, his cheer's not worth a turd.

My lady says unto my lord when all the guests are gone,
I do intend to-morrow next to invite my friend Sir John ;
For I don't think it fit always to have tradesmen,
I pray therefore let me rub in a courtier now and then.

My

My lady bōldly ask'd my lord what dishes she should have,
To entertain her friend Sir John, that was so fine and brave,
My lord he nam'd a calf's head, at which she made a pish,
And swore she'd have a turky-cock, for she lov'd a standing-
dish.

Next once a year into Essex a hunting they do go,
To see 'em pass along, o 'tis a most pretty shew;
Thro' Cheapside and Fenchurch-street, and so to Aldgate-
pump,
Each man with's spurs in's horse's sides, and his back-sword
cross his rump.

My Lord he takes a staff in hand to beat the bushes o'er,
I must confess it was a work he ne'er had done before;
A creature bounceth from a bush, which made them all to
laugh,

My lord he cry'd a hare, a hare, but it prov'd an Essex-calf.

And when they had done their sport, they came to London,
where they dwell;

Their faces all so torn and scratch'd, their wives scarce knew
them well;

For 'twas a very great mercy so many 'scap'd alive,
For of twenty saddles carried out, they brought again but five.



The following SONG we received from one of our kind Subscribers, and return him many thanks for the trouble he has taken in transmitting it to us; and shall at all times be very ready to oblige him or any other person, that shall give themselves the trouble of sending any thing of this kind worthy of notice.

Song LXXI. *Collin's Complaint to Celia.*

To the TUNE of

Ob! the Pains are felt in Love, &c.

I.

OH! the pain and grief I bear,
 Always moaning, sighing, groaning;
 On! the pain and grief I bear,
 My fate always bemoaning;
 For, since my Celia, you're unkind,
 I can get no ease for my troubled mind,
 Such torture, sure, no one can find,
 All my comfort is complaining.

II.

The musick of your charming voice
 Kindle fire and desire:
 The musick of your charming voice
 My heart sets all on fire;
 But if that you will yet disdain,
 I cannot live in grief and pain,
 Always to sigh and to complain,
 My love there's no restraining,

M

Your

III.

Your ruby lips and ivory teeth,
 None is sweeter, more completer ;
 Your ruby lips and ivory teeth
 Are the master-piece of nature :
 Your rowling eyes so charming bright,
 Like stars do dart a dazling light :
 But yours both dazles mind and sight,
 And causes my complaining.

IV.

Your features are so heavenly bright,
 They're so charming, pleasing, warming ;
 Your features are so heavenly bright,
 That indeed you are too charming :
 I can't my feeble muse so raise,
 As to speak ought unto your praise ;
 For all's too little I can say,
 Tho' you cause my complaining.

V.

When I first lov'd you, Celia fair,
 Your love ne'er changed, never ranged :
 When I first lov'd you, Celia fair,
 Your love it never changed ;
 But now from my sight you fly,
 And will not give me a reason why,
 But I may languish 'till I die,
 You'll not pity my complaining.

Then

VI.

Then, Celia, hearken to my moan,
Pity my anguish, see how I languish,
Celia, hearken to my moan;
See how I faint with anguish:
Be not silent, as of late,
But let me know my doomed fate,
Tell me whether you love or hate,
And I will cease complaining.

Song LXXII. *The Longing Maid.*

THERE was a maid the other day,
That sigh'd fore god wot;
And said all wives might sport and play,
But maidens they may not:
Full fifteen have I liv'd, she said,
Poor soul, since I was born;
And if I chance to die a maid,
Apollo is forsworn.

Oh, oh, for a husband,
Still this was her song;
I will have a husband, I will have a husband,
A husband old or young.

An ancient suitor to her came,
His beard was almost grey;
Tho' he was old, and she was young,
She could no longer stay:
Unto her mother went this maid,
And told her by and by;
That she a husband needs must have,
She had a reason why:
Oh, oh, &c.

She

She had not been a wedded wife

One quarter of a year;

But she was weary of this life,

And grew into a jeer:

The old man snorting by her side,

She'd nought but sigh and groan;

Did ever woman this abide,

'Tis better lye alone.

Oh, oh, oh, what a husband, what a life lead I,

Out, out of such a husband, such a husband,

Fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie.

To live a wedded life, she said,

A twelve month, 'tis too long;

As I have done, poor soul, she cry'd,

That am both fair and young:

When other wives can have their will,

They are not like to me;

I mean to go and try my skill,

And seek a remedy:

Oh, oh, oh, what a husband, what a life lead I,

Out, out of such a husband, such a husband,

Fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie.



Song LXXIII.

A Cure for the Green-Sickness Maid.

AS fair Olinda sitting was
Beneath a shady tree;
Much love I did profess to her,
And she the like to me:
But when I kiss'd her lovely lips,
And prest her to be kind:
She cry'd, oh no, but I remember,
Womens words are wind.

I hugg'd her till her breath grew short,
Then farther did intrude;
She scratch'd and struggl'd modestly,
And told me I was rude:
I begg'd her pardon twenty times,
And some concern did feign;
But like a bold presumptuous sinner,
Did the like again.

At last I did by dalliance raise
The pretty nymph's desire;
Our inclination equal were,
And mutual was our fire:
Then in the heighth of joy she cry'd,
Oh! I'm undone, I fear;
Oh! kill me, stick me, stick me,
Kill me, kill me quite, my dear.



Song LXXIV. *On New Betblehem.*

THIS is a structure fair,
 Royally raised,
 The pious founders are
 Much to be praised ;
 That in such times of need,
 When madness doth exceed,
 To build this house of bread,
 Noble New Bedlam.

'Tis beautiful and large
 In constitution,
 Deserves a liberal charge
 Of contribution,
 If I may reach so high,
 To sing a prophecy,
 Their names shall never die
 That built New Bedlam.

Methinks the lawyers may
 Consult together,
 And contribute, for they
 Send most men thither ;
 They put 'em to much pain,
 With words that cramp the brain,
 Till Bedlam's fill'd with plain-
 tiff and defendant.

Quacking physicians shou'd
 Give money freely,
 They maculate mens blood,
 And make them silly ;
 With hydragargyrum-pills,
 Their reason and their wills
 They ruine, and this fills
 Most part of Bedlam.

So good a work as this
Cannot want actors,
But I'll no more insist
On benefactors,
But hint such as I see
Hypocondriack be,
And are in some degree
Fit for New Bedlam.

That amorous soul that is
In love a Quaker,
And doth adore a miss
More than his Maker,
Decks her in silk and furr,
Then turns idolater,
Kneels down and worships her,
He's fit for Bedlam.

The young man that has got
A golden talent;
And hath a brain-sick plot
To seem a gallant;
That richly is array'd,
Spends land, and shop, and trade,
To be a Hector made;
Is fit for Bedlam.

The city-lad that sings,
Rhimes, drolls and dances,
And all his business flings
Away for fancies;
He that lets his angels fly,
Till he's not worth one penny,
To study poetry,
Is fit for Bedlam.

Whilst some with brandy burn
 Their guts with drinking,
 Philosophers do turn
 Their heads with thinking;
 He who is such a one,
 As studies for the stone,
 Till's brain and his money's gone,
 Prepares for Bedlam.

That churl who gold hath won,
 And dares not use it,
 But hath a squand'ring son
 Doth game and lose it:
 His brain doth greatly err,
 He that with water clear
 Would fill a colander,
 Must do't in Bedlam.

He that with an estate
 Weds a poor beauty,
 Who to disdain and hate
 Turns love and duty;
 It doth his reason daunt
 He has a bargain on't,
 Whose then the elephant,
 And's fit for Bedlam.

I could tell many more,
 (I have enroll'd 'em)
 Should I declare my store,
 As I have told 'em;
 With mortar, brick and stone,
 Could they their building run
 From thence to Islington,
 'Twould never hold 'em.

Song LXXV.

A L L the town so lewd is grown,
 Hereafter you must excuse me,
 If when you discover yourself a lover,
 I think it is all a lye.
 Oaths and sighs, and melting eyes,
 You'd sacrifice to subdue me;
 Thus silly poor women are oft undone,
 Thus happily warn'd am I.

Excuse me for flying, and for my denying;
 For, faith, Sir, I must refuse you:
 Excuse me for knowing the cheats of your wooing,
 And from your request excuse me;
 Excuse me when you vow'd and swore,
 I thought you design'd to deceive me no more:
 But if he makes love till his eyes run o'er,
 He shall never the sooner deceive me.

Youth and wit did once invade
 My heart, e're scarce I was twenty;
 And I, silly creature, tho' more good nature,
 Believ'd him whate'er he swore.
 Young, unpractis'd in the trade,
 Of favours I was not scanty:
 But he whom my innocent heart betray'd,
 Shall never deceive me more.

For now tho' he flatter, and ogle, and chatter,
 And still in the dance does chuse me,
 Nay, argue the case too, and look like an ass too,
 He after all this shall lose me;
 For now I will female cunning use,
 And all our whole stock of revenge produce:
 Once rebel to honour, has broke the truce,
 And all mankind must excuse me.

Song LXXVI.

I Have been in love, and in debt, and in drink,
 This many and many a year :
 And those are three plagues enough, I should think,
 For one poor mortal to bear.
 'Twas love made me fall into drink,
 And drink made me run into debt ;
 And tho' I have struggled, and struggled, and strove,
 I cannot get out of them yet.

There's nothing but money can cure me,
 And rid me of all my pain ;
 'Twill pay all my debts,
 And remove all my letts ;
 And my mistress, that cannot endure me,
 Will love me, and love me again :
 Then, then I'll fall to my loving and drinking again.

Song LXXVII. *Oh ! what Pangs are felt.*

A N N thou wert my ain thing,
 I would love thee, I would love thee ;
 Ann thou wert my ain thing,
 So dearly I would love thee :
 I would clasp thee in my arms,
 I'd secure thee from all harms ;
 Above all mortals thou hast charms,
 So dearly I do love thee.
 Of race divine thou needs must be,
 Since nothing earthly equals thee ;
 For heaven's sake, oh ! favour me !
 Who only lives to love thee.

The

The gods one thing peculiar have,
To ruin none whom they can save :
Oh ! for their sake support a slave,
Who only lives to love thee.

To merit I no claim can make,
But that I love ; and for thy sake,
What man can name, I'll undertake ;
So dearly I do love thee.
My passion, constant as the sun,
Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,
Till fates my thread of life have spun,
Which breathing out, I'll love thee.

Like bees that suck the morning-dew,
Frae flowers of sweetest scent and hue,
Sae wad I dwell upo' thy mou,
And gar the gods envy me.
Sae lang's I had the use of light,
I'd on thy beauties feast my sight :
Syne in fast whispers thro' the night,
I'd tell how much I lov'd thee.

How fair and ruddy is my Jean ?
She moves a goddess o'er the green ;
Were I a King, thou shou'd'st be Queen,
Nane but my fell aboon thee :
I'd grasp thee to this breast of mine,
Whilst thou, like ivy, or the vine,
Around my stronger limbs should twine,
Form'd hardy to defend thee.

Time's on the wing, and will not stay,
In shining youth let's make our hay,
Since love admits of nae delay ;
Oh ! let nae scorn undo thee :

While

While love does at his altar stand,
 Ha ! there's my heart, give me thy hand,
 And with ilk smile thou shalt command,
 The will of him wha loves thee.

Song LXXVIII. *Of all the Girls that are so.*

AS Damon late with Chloe sat,
 They talk'd of am'rous blisses,
 Kind things he said, which she repaid,
 In pleasing smiles and kisse.
 With tuneful tongue, of love he sung;
 She thank'd him for his ditty:
 But said, one day she heard him say,
 The flute was mighty pretty.

Young Damon, who her meaning knew,
 Took out his pipe to charm her;
 And while he strove, with wanton love,
 And sprightly airs, to warm her:
 She begg'd the swain, to play one strain,
 In all the softest measure,
 Whose killing sound would sweetly wound,
 And make her die with pleasure.

Eager to do't, he takes the flute,
 And ev'ry accent traces;
 Love trickling thro' his fingers flew,
 And whisper'd melting graces:
 He play'd his part with wond'rous art,
 Expecting praises after;
 But she, instead of falling dead,
 Burst out into a laughter.

Taking

Taking the hint, as Chloe meant,
Said he, my dear, be easy;
I have a flute, which, tho' 'tis mute,
May play a tune to please ye.
Then down he laid the charming maid,
He found her kind and willing;
He play'd again, and tho' each strain
Was silent, yet 'twas killing.

Fair Chloe soon approv'd the tune,
And vow'd he play'd divinely;
Let's have it o'er, said she, once more,
It goes exceeding finely:
The flute is good that's made of wood,
And is, I own, the neatest;
Yet ne'ertheless, I must confess,
The silent flute's the sweetest.

Song LXXIX.

STAY, shepherd, stay; I prithee stay;
Did not you see her go this way;
Where can she be, can you not guess?
Alas! I've lost my shepherdess!

I fear some satyr has betray'd
My wand'ring nymph out of the shade:
Oh! woe is me, I am undone!
For in the shade she was my fun.

The pink, the violet, and the rose,
Strive to salute her as she goes;
Nay, be content to kiss her shoe,
The primrose, and the daisy too.

Oh! woe is me! what must I do?
 Or who must I complain unto?
 Methinks the valleys cry, forbear,
 And sighing say, she is not here.

Oh! what shall I, unhappy, do?
 Or who must I complain unto?
 Where may she be, can you not guess
 Where may I find my shepherdes?

Song LXXX.

FLOCKS are sporting, doves are courting,
 Warbling linnets sweetly sing;
 Joy and pleasure, without measure,
 Kindly hail the glorious spring.

Flocks are bleating, rocks repeating,
 Valleys eccho back the sound;
 Dancing, finging, piping, springing,
 Nought but mirth and joy go round.

Song LXXXI.

WHAT woman could do, I have try'd to be free;
 Yet do all I can,
 I find I love him, and tho' he flies me:
 Still, still he's the man.
 They tell me, at once he to twenty will swear:
 When vows are so sweet, who the falshood can fear?
 So, when you have said all you can,
 Still, still he's the man.

I caught

I caught him once making love to a maid,
 When to him I ran;
 He turn'd, and he kiss'd me, then who could upbraid
 So civil a man?
 The next day I found, to a third he was kind,
 I rated him soundly, he swore I was blind;
 So, let me do what I can,
 Still, still he's the man.

All the world bids me beware of his art;
 I do what I can:
 But he has taken such hold of my heart,
 I doubt he's the man!
 So sweet are his kisses, his looks are so kind;
 Tho' he may have his faults, I to them am blind,
 Nor can do more than I can;
 Still, still he's the man.

Song LXXXII.

WHILE the town agrees that Polly
 Best diverts our melancholy,
 Let us toast the sprightly, sprightly lass;
 Heedless of the time and treasure,
 Spent on her who gives such pleasure;
 Drink, and put about the glass,
 Drink, &c.

Polly's charms are so extensive,
 That the chearful, grave, and pensive,
 Equally their power, equally their power obey;
 In a bed, or o'er a bottle,
 Full of wit, and am'rous prattle,
 Pretty Polly's always gay,
 Pretty Polly's, &c.

Song

Song LXXXIII. *Lucky Minute.*

AS Chloris, full of harmless thought,
Beneath a myrtle lay,
Kind love a youthful shepherd brought,
To pass the time away.

She blush'd to be encounter'd so,
And chid the am'rous swain;
But as she strove to rise, and go,
He pull'd her down again.

A sudden passion seiz'd her heart,
In spite of her disdain;
She found a pulse in ev'ry part,
And love in ev'ry vein.

Ah! gods! said she, what charms are these,
That conquer, and surprize?
Oh! let me, --- for, unless you please,
I have no power to rise.

She fainting spoke, and trembling lay,
For fear he should comply;
Her looks and eyes her heart betray,
And gave her tongue the lye.

Thus she, who princes had deny'd,
With all their pomp and train,
Was in the lucky minute try'd,
And yielded to a swain.



Song LXXXIV. *The Ladies Case.*

I.

HOW hard is the fortune of all womankind,
 For ever subjected, for ever confin'd;
 The parent controuls us until we are wives,
 The husband enslaves us the rest of our lives:

II.

If fondly we love, yet we dare not reveal,
 But secretly languish, compell'd to conceal;
 Deny'd ev'ry freedom of life to enjoy,
 We're sham'd if we're kind, we're blam'd if we're coy.

Song LXXXV. *True Love.*

I.

CHarming Chloe, look with pity
 On your faithful love-sick swain,
 Hear, oh! hear his doleful ditty,
 And relieve his mighty pain;
 Find you musick in his sighing,
 Can you see him in distress,
 Wishing, trembling, panting, dying,
 Yet afford no kind redress.

II.

Strephon woo'd by lawless passion,
 For no favours rudely sues;
 All his flame is out of fashion,
 Antient honour for him wooes.

O

Love

Love for love's the swain's ambition,
 But, if that is deem'd too great,
 Pity, pity his condition,
 Say, at least, you do not hate.

III.

Shou'd you, fonder of a rover,
 Practic'd in the art of guile,
 Slight so true and kind a lover,
 Chloe, Might not Strephon smile?
 Yes: well-pleas'd at thy undoing,
 Vulgar lovers might upbraid,
 Strephon, conscious of thy ruin,
 Soon wou'd be a silent shade.

Song LXXXVI.

I.

THE last time I came o'er the moor,
 I left my love behind me;
 Ye powers, what pain do I endure,
 When soft ideas mind me;
 Soon as the ruddy morn display'd,
 The beaming day ensing,
 I met betimes my lovely maid
 In fit retreats for wooing.

II.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
 Gazing and chaffly sporting;
 We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
 Till night spread her black curtain:

I pity'd

I pity'd all beneath the skies,
Even Kings, when she was nigh me ;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

III.

Shou'd I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal steel might wound me ;
Or cast upon some foreign shore,
Where dangers might surround me :
Yet hopes again to see my love,
To feast on glowing kisses ;
Shall make my cares at distance move,
In prospect of such blisses.

IV.

In all my soul there's not one place
To let a rival enter ;
Since she excells in ev'ry grace,
In her my love shall center :
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
Their waves the Alps shall cover ;
On Greenland-ice shall roses grow,
Before I cease to love her.

V.

The next time I go o'er the moor,
She shall a lover find me ;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Tho' I left her behind me :
Then Hyraen's sacred bonds shall chain
My heart to her fair bosom ;
There, while my being does remain,
My love more fresh shall blossom.

Song LXXXVII.

I.

AND this is no mine ain house,
 I ken by the bigging o't,
 Since with my love I chang'd vows,
 I dinna like the bigging o't;
 For now that I'm young Robie's bride,
 And mistress of his fire-side,
 Mine ain house I'll like to guid,
 And please me with the trigging o't.

II.

Then farewel to my father's house,
 I gang where love invites me;
 The strictest duty this allows,
 When love with honour meets me;
 When Hymen moulds us into ane,
 My Robie's nearer than my kin,
 And to refuse him were a sin,
 Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

III.

When I'm in mine ain house,
 True love shall be at hand, ay,
 To make me still a prudent spouse,
 And let my man command ay;
 Avoiding ilha cause of strife,
 The common pest of marry'd life,
 That makes me weary'd of his wife,
 And breaks the kindly band ay.

Song LXXXVIII. *The modest Concealment.*

DEAR Collin, prevent my warm blushes,
 Since how can I speak without pain :
 My eyes have oft told you my wishes,
 Oh ! can't you their meaning explain ?
 My passion would lose by expression,
 And you too might cruelly blame :
 Then don't you expect a confession,
 Of what is too tender to name,
 Of what is too tender to name.

Since yours is the province of speaking,
 Why should you expect it from me ?
 Our wishes should be in our keeping,
 Till you tell us what they should be :
 Then quickly, why don't you discover,
 Did your heart feel such tortures as mine ?
 I need not tell over and over,
 What I in my bosom confine.

The ANSWER.

DEAR Madam, when ladies are willing,
 A man needs must look like a fool ;
 For me, I would not give a shilling
 For one that can love out of rule :
 At least you shou'd wait for our offers,
 Nor snatch, like old maids in despair ;
 If you've liv'd to these years without proffers,
 Your sighs are now lost in the air.

You should leave us to guess at your meaning,
 And not speak the matter too plain ;
 'Tis ours to be forward and pushing,
 And yours to affect a disdain.

That

That you're in a terrible taking,
 By all your fond oglings I see;
 The fruit that will fall without shaking,
 Indeed is too mellow for me.

Song LXXXIX.

LET ambition fire thy mind,
 Thou wer't born o'er men to reign;
 Not to follow flocks design'd,
 Scorn thy crook, and leave the plain.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy feet,
 Thou on necks of Kings shalt tread;
 Joys in circles, joys shall meet,
 Which way e'er thy fancy's led.

Let not toils of empire fright,
 Toils of empire pleasures are;
 Thou shalt only know delight,
 All the joy, but not the care.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the prize,
 For the blessings I bestow:
 Joyful I'll ascend the skies,
 Happy thou shalt reign below.



Song XC.

WHILE blooming youth, and gay delight,
Sit on thy rosy cheeks confest,
Thou hast, my dear, undoubted right,
To triumph o'er this destin'd breast,
My reason bends to what thy eyes ordain,
For I was born to love, and thou to reign.
My reason bends, &c.

But would you meanly thus rely
On power, you know I must obey?
Exert a legal tyranny;
And do an ill, because you may?
Still must I thee, as atheists heav'n adore,
Not see thy mercy, and yet dread thy pow'r.
Still must I, &c.

Take heed, my dear, youth flies apace;
As well as Cupid, Time is blind:
Soon must those glories of thy face
The fate of vulgar beauty find:
The thousand loves, that arm thy potent eye,
Must drop their quivers, flag their wings, and die.
The thousand, &c.

Then wilt thou sigh, when in each frown,
A hateful wrinkle more appears;
And putting peevish humours on,
Seems but the sad effect of years.
Kindness itself too weak a charm will prove,
To raise the feeble fires of aged love.
Kindness, &c.

Forc'd

Forc'd compliments, and formal bows,
 Will shew thee just above neglect:
 The heat, with which thy lover glows,
 Will settle into cold respect;
 A talking dull Platonick I shall turn;
 Learn to be civil when I cease to burn.
 A talking, &c.

Then shun the ill, and know, my dear;
 Kindness and constancy will prove
 The only pillars fit to bear
 So vast a weight, as that of love.
 If thou can'st wish to make my flames endure;
 Thine must be very fierce, and very pure.
 If thou can'st, &c.

Haste, Celia, haste, while youth invites,
 Obey kind Cupid's present voice:
 Fill ev'ry sense with soft delights,
 And give thy soul a loose to joys:
 Let millions of repeated blisses prove,
 That thou all kindness art, and I all love.
 Let millions, &c.

Be mine, and only mine, take care
 Thy looks, thy thoughts, thy dreams to guide;
 To me alone; nor come so far,
 As liking any youth beside:
 What men e'er court thee, fly 'em, and believe
 They're serpents all, and thou the tempted Eve.
 What men, &c.

So shall I court thy dearest truth,
 When beauty ceases to engage;
 So thinking on thy charming youth,
 I'll love it o'er again in age:
 So time itself our raptures shall improve,
 While still we wake to joy, and live to love.
 So time, &c.

Song

Song XCI. *Why is your faithful Slave, &c.*

He. **W**Hen once the marriage knot is ty'd,
 The best way's to live satisfy'd,
 All jangling is in vain:
 For when we have done all we can,
 We are but just where we began,
 And still must drag our chain.

She. But when you're sopping night and day,
 And lavish health and wealth away,
 Who can her tongue refrain?

He. That makes the matter still the worse,
 For then I do but drub and curse,
 And add more to your Pain.

She. True 'tis, I suffer every way,
 Am flav'd, am beaten, night and day,
 You know it to your shame.

He. No more, my Juggy, let's be friends.
 At night I'll make you full amends,
 With what I dare not name.

Song XCII. *As Celia near a Fountain lay:*

When yielding first to Damon's flame,
 I sunk into his arms;
 He swore he'd ever be the same,
 Then rifled all my charms.

But, fond of what he long desir'd,
 Too eager of his prey,
 My shepherd's flame, alas, expir'd,
 Before the verge of day.

My innocence of lovers wars
 Reproach'd his quick defeat;
 Confus'd, asham'd, and bath'd in tears,
 I mourn'd his cold retreat.

At length, ah, shepherdes, cry'd he,
 Would you my fire renew,
 You must, alas, retreat like me,
 I'm lost if you pursue.

Song XCIII. *When first I laid siege, &c*

When first I laid siege to my Chloris,
 Cannon-oaths I brought down,
 To batter the town,
 And I storm'd her with amorous stories.
 Billet doux like small-shot did so ply her,
 And sometimes a song
 Went whistling along,
 But still I was never the nigher.
 At length she sent word by a trumpet,
 If I lik'd that life,
 She would be my wife,
 But she would be no man's strumpet.
 I told her that Mars would not marry,
 And swore by my scars,
 Got in combats and wars,
 That I'd sooner dig stones in a quarry.
 At length she granted the favour,
 Without the dull curse,
 For better, for worse,
 And sav'd the dull parson the labour.

Song

Song XCIV. *How tormenting's the Anguish.*

HOW tormenting's the Anguish,
When the fair pine and languish,
And too soon their indulgence discover;
If the nymph is complying,
The swain ceases dying,
And the warmth of his passion is over.

The best way to charm him,
Is with fears to alarm him,
To keep him in awe, and at distance;
By making him jealous,
She makes him more zealous,
And secures him her slave by resistance.

Song XCV. *Waft me, soft and cooling Breeze,*

FAir, and soft, and gay, and young,
All charm! she play'd, she danc'd, she sung!
There was no way to 'scape the dart,
No care could guard the lover's heart!
Ah why! cry'd I, and dropt a tear,
(Adoring, yet despairing here,
To have her to my self alone)
Was so much sweetness made for one!

But growing bolder in her ear,
I in soft numbers told my care;
She heard, and rais'd me from her feet,
And seem'd to glow with equal heat.
Like heaven's too mighty to express,
My joys could be but known by guess:
Ah fool, said I, what have I done,
To wish her made for more than one!

But long I had not been in view
 Before her eyes their beams withdrew,
 E'er I had reckon'd half her charms,
 She sunk into another's arms.
 But she that once could faithless be,
 Will favour him no more than me;
 He too will find himself undone,
 And that she was not made for one.

Song XCVI. Leave Kindred and Friends, &c.

Leave kindred and friends, sweet lady,
 Leave kindred and friends for me;
 Assur'd your servant is steady,
 To love, to honour, and thee.
 The gifts of nature and fortune,
 May fly by chance, as they came,
 They're grounds the destinies sport on,
 But virtue is ever the same.

Although my fancy were roving,
 Your charms so heavenly appear,
 That other beauties disproving,
 I'd worship thine only, my dear.
 And should life's sorrows embitter
 The pleasure we promise our loves,
 To share them together is fitter
 Than meaning asunder, like doves.

Oh were I but once so blessed,
 To clasp the fair in my arms,
 By thee to be clasped and kissed
 And live on thy heaven of charms;
 I'd laugh at fortune's caprices,
 Should fortune capricious prove,
 Though death should tear me to pieces,
 I'd die a martyr to love.

Song XCVII. *Love and Folly.*

LOVE and Folly were at play,
Both too wanton to be wise;
They fell out, and in their fray
Folly put out Cupid's eyes.

&c.
Strait the criminal was try'd,
And had this punishment assign'd,
Folly should to love be ty'd,
And condemn'd to lead the blind.

Then wisely let's venture,
Ourselves to deceive,
Since fate has decreed us
To love, and believe.

For all we can gain
By our wisdom and eyes,
Is to find our selves cheated,
And wretched, when wise.

Song XCVIII. *Draw, Cupid, draw.*

HEAR, Chloe, hear,
And do not turn away
From my desire, but quench my fire,
And my love's flame allay:
And let my song go along,
Unto compassion move,
And make you kind,
And bend your mind,
And melt you into love.

If Chloe loves, and constant proves,
 Oh happy, happy, then am I;
 But if that she unconstant be,
 And does delight to rove,
 As sure as a gun,
 I am undone,
 And sha'n't have power to move.

Song XCIX. *How cruel is a Parent's Love.*

HOW cruel is a parent's care,
 Who riches only prizes?
 When finding out some booby-heir,
 He thinks he wond'rous wise is?
 While the poor maid, to shun her fate,
 And not to prove a wretch in state,
 To 'scape the blockhead she must hate,
 She weds where she despises.

The harmless dove thus trembling flies
 The rav'nous hawk pursuing,
 A while her tender pinions tries,
 'Till doom'd to certain ruin:
 Afraid her worst of foes to meet,
 No shelter near, no kind retreat,
 She drops beneath the faulkner's feet,
 For gentler Usage suing.



Song C. *Four and twenty Fidlers.*

Four and twenty fiddlers all in a row,
And there was fiddle, fiddle, and twice fiddle fiddle,
Cause 'twas my lady's birth-day,
Therefore we kept holiday,
And all went to be merry.

Four and twenty drummers all in a row,
And there was tantara rara, tan tantara rara, rara,
rara, ra ; and there was rub, &c.

Four and twenty tabors and pipers all in a row,
And there was whif and dub,
And tan tarra, rara, &c.

Four and twenty women all in a row,
And there was tittle tattle, and twice prittle prattle,
And whif and dub, &c.

Four and twenty finging-masters all in a row,
And there was fa, la, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la,
And there was tittle, &c.

Four and twenty fencing-masters all in a row,
And this, and that, and down to the legs clap, Sir,
And cut 'em off, and fa, la, &c.

Four and twenty lawyers all in a row,
And there was Omne quod exit in um damno fed,
Plus damno decorum ; and there was this and that, &c.

Four and twenty Vintners all in a row,
And there was rare claret and white,
I ne'er drank worse in my life,
And excellent good canary,
Drawn off the lees of sherry,
If you do not like it, Omne quod, &c.

Four and twenty parliament-men all in a row,
And there was loyalty and reason,
Without one word of treason,
And there was rare claret, &c.

Four and twenty dutchmen all in a row,
 And there was Alter malter vantor dyken shapen Kopen
 de hogue van rotyck vantonflick de brille van boorstyck,
 van foerstyck, and fourtrag van hogan herien-van-donck.
 Rare claret and white, &c.

Song CI. Lord what's come to my Mother.

LORD! what's come to my mother!

That ev'ry day more than other,
 My true age she would smother.

And says I'm not in my teens:

Tho' my sampler I have sewn through,

My bib and my apron outgrown to,

My baby quite away thrown too;

I wonder what 'tis she means!

When our John does squeeze my hand,

And calls me, Sugar-sweet;

My breath almost fails me,

I know not what ails me,

My heart does so heave and so beat.

I've heard of desires,

From girls that have been just of my years,

Love compar'd to sweet-briars,

That hurts, and yet does please.

Is love finer than money?

Or can it be sweeter than honey?

I'm, poor girl, such a Toney,

Esaith, that I cannot guess.

But I'm sure I'll watch more near,

There's something that truth will show;

For if love be a blessing,

To please beyond kissing,

Our Jane and the butler do know.

Song CII. *The Western Lass.*

He. **W**HAT beauty do I see,
That heart and soul command,
Sweet madam, honour me,
With leave to kiss your hand.

She. Oh good, a man, I swear!
And begs my hand to kiss,
Methinks I'm pleas'd to hear
He does not call me miss.

He. Your eyes, sweet lady, shine so bright,
And I'm so wounded at first sight,
My heart does throb,
I sigh and sob,
And am like one just slain,
Unless you pity show,
And life restore again.

She. Nay, pray Sir, good Sir go,
I know not what you mean;
You may talk of a wound
By my eyes you have found;
But I cannot believe
Any hurt they can give;
For I look in your face,
And it is as it was,
And your body is sound and whole.

He. Loves wounds are all within,
Whose pangs the breast controul,
Like lightning pass the skin,
And blast the very soul.

She. Why sure this love, this dreadful word,
Is then some sharp and pointed sword :
Or is't a snake, or is't a bird,
That will pick out my eyes ?

He. Go with me, you'll perceive
In love a treasure lies,

She. I'll ask my mother leave,
And follow in a trice.

He. No, no, not a word,
I can better afford
You the love, if you'll go
Where your mother don't know ;
For if she should be crost,
All the treasure is lost,
And I conjure for love in vain ;
The circle you embrace
Is where it must be done.

She. Oh lard, the devil you'll raise,
But catch me if you can.

Song CIII.

TH E night her blackest sable wore,
And gloomy were the skies ;
And glitt'ring stars there were no more,
Than those in Stella's eyes :
When at her father's gate I knock'd,
Where I had often been,
And shrowded only with her smock,
The fair one let me in.

Fast lock'd within her close embrace,
She trembling lay agham'd ;
Her swelling breast, and glowing face,
And every touch inflam'd :

My

My eager passion I obey'd,
Resolv'd the fort to win ;
And her fond heart was soon betray'd,
To yield and let me in.

Then ! then ! beyond expressing,
Immortal was the joy ;
I knew no greater blessing,
So great a god was I :
And she transported with delight,
Oft pray'd me come again ;
And kindly vow'd that very night,
She'd rise and let me in.

But, oh ! at last she prov'd with bern,
And sighing sat and dull ;
And I that was as much concern'd,
Look'd then just like a fool :
Her lovely eyes with tears run o'er,
Repenting her rash sin ;
She sigh'd, and curs'd the fatal hour,
That e'er she let me in.

But who could cruelly deceive,
Or from such beauty part ;
I lov'd her so, I could not leave
The charmer of my heart :
But wedded, and conceal'd the crime,
Thus all was well again ;
And now she thanks the blessed hour,
That e'er she let me in



Song CIV.

THE sun had loos'd his weary team,
 And turn'd his steeds a grazing;
 Ten fathoms deep in Neptune's stream,
 His Thetis was embracing:
 The stars they tripp'd in the firmament,
 Like milkmaids on a may-day;
 Or country lasses a mimming sent,
 Or school boys on a play-day.

Apacé came on the grey-ey'd morn,
 The herds in fields were lowing;
 And 'mongst the poultry in the barn,
 The ploughman's cock sat crowing:
 When Roger dreaming of golden joys,
 Was wak'd by a bawling rout, Sir;
 For Cissy told him he needs must rise,
 His Juggy was crying out, Sir.

Not half so quickly the cups go round,
 At the tapping a good ale firkin,
 As Roger, hosen and shoon had found,
 And button'd his leather jerkin:
 Gray mare was saddl'd with wond'rous speed,
 With pillion on buttock right, Sir;
 And thus he to an old midwife rid,
 To bring the poor kid to light, Sir.

Up, up, dear mother, then Roger cries,
 The fruit of my labour's now come;
 In Juggy's belly it sprawling lies,
 And cannot get out till you come:
 'I'll help it, cries the old hag, ne'er doubt,
 Thy Jagg shall be well again, boy;
 'I'll get the urchin as safely out,
 As ever it did get in, boy.

The

The mare now bustles with all her feet;
No whipping or spurs were wanting;
At last into the good house they get,
And may soon cry'd the bantling :
A female chit so small was born,
They put it into a flagon;
And must be christe-'d that very morn,
For fear it should die a Pagan.

Now Roger struts about the hall,
As great as the prince of Conde ;
The midwife cries, her parts are small,
But they will grow larger one day :
What tho' her thighs and legs lie close,
And little as any spider ;
They will when up to her teens she grows,
By grace of the Lord lie wider.

And now the merry spic'd-bowls went round,
The gossips were void of shame too ;
In butter'd ale the priest half drown'd,
Demands the infant's name too :
Some call'd it Phill, some Florida,
But Kate was allow'd the best hint ;
For she would have it Cunicula,
'Cause there was a pretty jest in't.

Thus Cunny of Winchester was known,
And famous in Kent and Dover ;
And highly rated in London town,
And courted the kingdom over :
The charms of Cunny by sea and land,
Subdues each human creature ;
And will our stubborn hearts command,
Whilst there is a man in nature.

Song CV. *Gillian of Croydon.*

FAme loudly thro' Europe passes,
 And sounds of many a wound and praise,
 Once more then Croydon lasses
 Were met to settle the foreign news,
 The fame that the health began,
 In master Willy's late reign,
 Brown Nelly, black Joan, and Gillian of Croydon,
 Gillian, young Gillian, plumb Gillian, bold Gillian of
 Croydon, fill a new glass cry'd Gillian of Croydon,
 Here's to our new mistress Nan.

What ails this mad Bavary,
 Cries Nell, old Nick's in that beaten duke,
 For playing a strange vagary,
 For which he lately had found rebuke;
 And they'll ferret him in the ban,
 Let the bishop relieve if he can,
 A brace of false loons, cry'd Gillian of Croydon,
 Gillian of Croydon, Gillian, blunt Gillian, jolly Gillian of
 Croydon, let 'em be damn'd, cry'd Gillian of Croydon,
 Fill round to our mistress Nan.

Nell dress'd as sprunt as a daizy,
 Cry'd, what a plague ails our king of Spain,
 That getting ground he's so lazy,
 And what's become of brave prince Eugene?
 Who the marshal you know did trapan,
 And snapt like a frog by a swan;
 'Twill ne'er be forgot, cry'd Gillian of Croydon,
 Gillian of Croydon, Gillian, pert Gillian, merry Gillian of
 Croydon, take off your glass, cry'd Gillian of Croydon,
 A bumper to mistress Nan.

Dutch hums our health may wish too,
We sav'd their herrings with pain and toil,
For had we not cook'd their fish so,
Their butter all had been turn'd to oil;
I'll pawn all the things in my room,
To welcome the general home,
And I my best smocks, cry'd Gillian of Croydon,
Gillian of Croydon, Gillian, blunt Gillian, frolick Gillian
Of Croydon, but the mean time, cry'd Gillian of Croydon,
Put round to our mistress Nan.

Proud Lewis, for all his incomes,
Says Nell, now finds that his hands are full,
The old queen too has got the crincums,
And her advices now prove her dull;
Then hey for the squabble in Spain,
When both the boys meet on the plain,
Fight dog, and fight bear, cry'd Gillian of Croydon,
Gillian of Croydon, Gillian, stout Gillian, shrew'd Gillian
Of Croydon, brim it then round, cry'd Gillian of Croydon,
Long life to our mistress Nan.

Thus settling of foreign matters,
They top'd 'till civil wars broke at home,
Joan lisping her liquor scatters,
And Nelly hiccoupping calls her mome,
Then told her of Robin and John,
'Till strait the quoif tearing began;
Y'are two drunken jades, cry'd Gillian of Croydon,
Gillian of Croydon, Gillian, sly Gillian, bowzy Gillian of
Croydon, but to make friends, cry'd Gillian of Croydon,
Once more to our mistress Nan.



Song CVI.

JOY to the bridegroom ! fill the sky
 With pleasing sounds of welcome joy :
 Joy to the bride, may lasting bliss,
 And every day still prove like this.
 Joy to the, &c.

Never was marriage joys divine,
 But where two constant hearts combine ;
 He that proves false himself doth cheat,
 Like sick men tastes, but cannot eat.
 He that, &c.

What is a maidenhead ? ah what ?
 Of which weak fools so often prate ?
 'Tis the young virgin's pride and boast,
 Yet never was found but when 'twas lost.
 'Tis the, &c.

Fill me a glass then to the brink,
 And its confusion here I'll drink ;
 And he that baulks the health I nam'd,
 May he die young, and then be d---
 And he that, &c.



Song CVII. *The Solitary Lover.*

BLOW on ye winds, descend soft rains,
To sooth my tender grief;
Your solemn musick lulls my pains,
And gives me short relief.

II.

In some lone corner would I fit,
Retir'd from human kind;
Since mirth, nor show, nor sparkling wit,
Can please my anxious mind.

III.

The sun which makes all nature gay,
Torments my weary eyes;
And in dark shades I spend the day,
Where eccho sleeping lies.

IV.

The sparkling stars which gayly shine,
And glitt'ring deck the night;
Are all such cruel foes of mine,
I sicken at their sight.



Song CVIII. *The Complaint.*

MY fate has undone me in choice of my Fair,
 I know not which rules me, my love or despair;
 Ten thousand suggestions crowd into my mind,
 And tell me my fair one will never be kind.

II.

Had she but less beauty her pride might abate,
 One kills me with raptures, the other with hate,
 When frowning she pushes me gently away,
 Her charms have such power they bid me to stay.

III.

I sue for her love in a soft tender strain,
 She hears me with smiles, but replies with disdain,
 Had Phœbus pursu'd her, the god would have found,
 His Daphne more gentle to have cur'd his wound.

IV.

The groves and the meadows have heard me complain,
 And Eccho returned my sad sighs again,
 The birds have left singing and listen'd to hear,
 The sighs I have utter'd for the cruel fair.

V.

When by the brook's side I have sat my self down,
 They've ceased their murmurs to hear my sad moan,
 In silence they've glided along, lest their haste
 Shou'd add to my sorrows, and trouble my breast.

VI.

Tho' thus with my torments I can't her breast move,
 Yet bless her ye powers and teach her to love,
 No fair one shall e'er move my heart to desire,
 But will like the Phoenix with one flame expire.

Song CIX. *The Lover's Plea.*

BLame me not Celia if I shun charms
 Form'd too bright for mortal view ;
 Since gazing on thee I'm undone,
 Such is the power felt from you.

II.

If objects can the eye invite,
 And in the soul ideas engrave ;
 Who can behold thee with delight,
 And not confess himself thy slave.

III.

Love's subtle darts thro' the eyes steal,
 On some we can with freedom gaze ;
 Tell melting tales what lovers feel,
 Yet not one soft desire raise.

IV.

But you have double chains to bind
 And by that pow'r rev'rence draw ;
 A beaut'ous form with virtue join'd,
 Then who dare look without an awe.

V.

The wretch that durst presume to try,
 The strength of Phœbus beams will find ;
 He cannot gaze at majesty,
 Without the fear of being blind.

VI.

Thus conscious of my humble flame,
 At distance I your charms admire ;
 Left by too near approach you blame,
 A passion you did first inspire.

Song CX.

Beauty and love at variance grown,
 Had once a high debate ;
 Says love in heav'n to rule I'm known,
 On Venus thou to wait ;
 Thou must of all command despair,
 But what's deriv'd from me,
 Nor art thou longer sweet or fair,
 Than I acknowledge thee.

II.

Mistaken urchin, beauty cries !
 I know that thou art blind,
 But men have penetrating eyes,
 My qualities to find ;
 All all thy wond'rous charms they know,
 I only can dispense,
 Thy boasted quiver and thy bow,
 Are my benevolence.

III.

Away incenc'd then Cupid flew,
 And thus to Vulcan pray'd,
 My darts with fickleness endue,
 To punish this proud maid ;
 So beauty from that time has been,
 Careless'd but for an hour,
 To doat a day is now a sin,
 To love's diviner pow'r.



Song CXI. *Made Extempore, occasioned by a
Fly drinking out of a Glass of Ale.*

I.

BUSY curious thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I,
Freely welcome to my cup,
Cou'd'st thou sip and sip it up,
Make the most of life you may,
Life is short, and wears away.
Life is short, &c.

II.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hasten quick to their decline,
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Tho' augmented to threescore;
Threescore summers when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one,
Will appear, &c.



Song

Song CXII.

ON a bank beside a willow,
 Heaven her covering, earth her pillow,
 Sad Aminta sigh'd alone :
 From the chearless dawn of morning,
 Till the dews of night returning,
 Singing, thus she made her moan :
 Hope is banish'd,
 Joys are vanish'd,
 Damon, my belov'd is gone.

Time, I dare thee to discover
 Such a youth, and such a lover :
 Oh ! so true, so kind was he !
 Damon was the pride of nature,
 Charming in his ev'ry feature ;
 Damon liv'd alone for me :
 Melting kisses,
 Murm'ring blisses,
 Who so liv'd and lov'd as we ?

Never shall we curse the morning,
 Never bless the night returning,
 Sweet embraces to restore ;
 Never shall we both lie dying,
 Nature failing, love supplying
 All the joys he drain'd before :
 To befriend me,
 Death, come end me,
 Love and Damon are no more.



Song CXIII. *If Love's a sweet Passion.*

IF wine be a cordial, why does it torment?
 If a poison, oh tell me, whence comes my content?
 Since I drink it with pleasure, why should I complain?
 Or repent ev'ry morn, when I know 'tis in vain?
 Yet so charming the glass is, so deep is the quart,
 That at once it both drowns, and enlivens my heart.

I take it off briskly, and when it is down,
 By my jolly complexion I make my joy known:
 But oh! how I'm blest! when so strong it does prove,
 By its sovereign heat to expel that of love!
 When in quenching the old, I create a new flame,
 And am wrapt in such pleasures that still want a name.

Song CXIV.

AS after noon one summer's day,
 Venus stood bathing in a river,
 Cupid a shooting went that way,
 New strung his bow, new fill'd his quiver!

With skill she chose his sharpest dart,
 With all his might his bow he drew,
 Swift to his beauteous parent's heart,
 The too well guided arrow flew.

I faint, I die! the goddess cry'd,
 O cruel! could'st thou find none other
 To wreak thy spleen on? parricide!
 Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother.

Poor Cupid, sobbing, scarce could speak;
 Indeed, mamma, I did not know ye:
 Alas! how easy my mistake?
 I took you for your likeness, Chloe.

Song CXV. *The Sun was sunk.*

ALAS! when charming Sylvia's gone
 I sigh, and think myself undone,
 But when the lovely nymph is here,
 I'm pleas'd, yet grieve; and hope, yet fear.
 Thoughtless of all but her, I rove,
 Ah! tell me, is not this call'd love?

Ah me! what power can move me so?
 I die with grief when she must go;
 But I revive at her return;
 I smile, I freeze, I pant, I burn:
 Transports so sweet, so strong, so new,
 Say, can they be to friendship due?

Ah no! 'tis love, 'tis now too plain,
 I feel, I feel the pleasing pain;
 For who e'er saw bright Sylvia's eyes,
 But wish'd, and long'd, and was her prize:
 Gods, if the truest must be blest,
 O let her be by me possess'd.



Song CXVI.

HE that will not merry, merry be,
With a generous bowl and a toast,
May he in Bridewell be shut up,
And fast bound to a post,
Let him be merry, merry there,
And we'll be merry, merry here :
For who can know where we shall go,
To be merry another year ?

He that will not merry, merry be,
And take his glass in course,
May he b' oblig'd to drink small beer,
Ne'er a penny in his purse :
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be,
With a comp'ny of jolly boys,
May he be plagu'd with a scolding wife,
To confound him with her noise :
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be,
With his mistress in his bed ;
Let him be buried in the church-yard,
And me be put in his stead :
Let him be merry, merry there,
And we'll be merry, merry here :
For who can know where we shall go,
To be merry another year ?



Song CXVII.

WHILST I gaze on Chloe. trembling,
Straight her eyes my fate declare ;
When she smiles, I fear dissembling ;
When she frowns I then despair.
Jealous of some rival lover,
If a wand'ring look she give ;
Fain I would resolve to leave her,
But can sooner cease to live.

Why should I conceal my passion,
Or the torments I endure ?
I will disclose my inclination,
Awful distance yields no cure.
Sure it is not in her nature,
To be cruel to her slave ;
She is too divine a creature,
To destroy what she can save.

Happy's he whose inclination
Warms but with a gentle heat,
Never mounts to raging passion ;
Love's a torment, if too great :
When the storm is once blown over,
Soon the ocean quiet grows,
But a constant, faithful lover,
Seldom meets with true repose.



Song CXVIII.

SEE, my Seraphina comes!
Adorn'd with ev'ry grace;
Look, gods, from your celestial dome,
And view her charming face.

Then search, and see, if you can find,
In all your sacred groves,
A nymph or goddess, so divine,
As she whom Strephon loves.

Song CXIX.

WE'LL drink, and we'll never have done, boys,
Put the glass then around with the fun, boys;
Let Apollo's example invite us,
For he's drunk ev'ry night,
That makes him so bright,
That he's able next morning to light us.
Drinking's a Christian diversion,
Unknown to the Turk, and the Persian;
Let Mahometan fools
Live by heathenish rules,
And dream o'er their tea-pots and coffee;
While the brave Britons sing,
And drink healths to the King,
And a fig for their Sultan and Sophy.



Song CXX.

OH! the charming month of May!
 When the breezes,
 Fan the trees, is
 Full of blossoms fresh and gay;
 Oh! the charming month of May!
 Charming, charming month of May!

Oh! what joys our prospects yield!
 When in new livery,
 We see every
 Bush and meadow, tree and field:
 Oh! what joy, &c. charming joys, &c.

Oh! how fresh the morning air!
 When the zephyrs,
 And the heifers,
 Their odorif'rous breath compare!
 Oh! how fresh, &c. charming fresh, &c.

Oh! how sweet at night to dream,
 On mossy pillows,
 By the trillows
 Of a gentle, purling stream!
 Oh! how sweet, &c. charming sweet, &c.

Oh! how kind the country lads!
 Who, her cow bilking,
 Leaves her milking,
 For a green gown on the grass!
 Oh! how kind, &c. charming kind, &c.

Oh!

Oh! how sweet it is to spy,
At the conclusion,
Her deep confusion,
Blushing cheeks, and down-cast eye!
Oh! how sweet, &c. charming sweet, &c.

Oh! the charming curds and cream,
When all is ovet,
She gives her lover,
Who on the skimming-dish carves her name,
Oh! the charming curds and cream,
Charming, charming, &c.

Song CXXI. *Mad Tom.*

IN my triumphant chariot hurl'd,
I range around the world:
'Tis I mad Tom drive all before me,
While to my royal throne I come;
Bow down my slaves, and adore me,
Your sovereign lord, mad Tom.

What tho' the sceptre that I bear
Is all but dream and air,
I've the pleasure of crowns,
Without the care.

And though I give law
From beds of itraw,
And drest in a tatter'd robe,
The madman can be
More a monarch than he
That commands the vassal globe.

Song CXXII.

I'L L range around the shady bowers,
And gather all the sweetest flowers:
I'll strip the garden, and the grove,
To make a garland for my love.

When in the sultry heat of day,
My thirsty nymph does panting lay,
I'll hasten to a fountain's brink,
And drain the floods, but she shall drink.

At night, when she shall weary prove,
A grassy bed I'll make my love;
And with green boughs I'll form a shade,
That nothing may her rest invade.

And whilst dissolv'd in sleep she lies,
Myself shall never close these eyes;
But gazing still with fond delight,
I'll watch my charmer all the night.

And then, as soon as chearful day,
Dispels the gloomy shades away,
Forth to the forest I'll repair,
To find provision for my fair.

Thus will I spend the day, and night,
Still mixing pleasure with delight;
Regarding nothing I endure,
So I can ease for her procure.

But if the maid whom thus I love,
Should e'er unkind and faithless prove;
I'll seek some dismal, distant shore,
And never think of woman more.

Song CXXIII.

AS Amoret and Phillis sat
 One ev'ning on the plain,
 And saw the charming Strephon wait,
 To tell the nymph his pain;
 The threat'ning danger to remove,
 He whisper'd in her ear,
 Ah! Phillis! if you would not love
 This shepherd, do not hear.

None ever had so strange an art,
 His passion to convey,
 Into a list'ning virgin's heart,
 And steal her soul away.
 Fly, fly betimes, for fear you give
 Occasion for your fate.
 In vain, said she, in vain I strive,
 Alas! 'tis now too late.

Song CXXIV. *De'll take the Wars.*

BEHOLD, I fly on wings of soft desire,
 Whilst gentle zephyrs waft me on;
 Eager as when a bridegroom all on fire,
 Longs from the company to be gone:
 She blushing, flies the pleasure,
 He rushing, grasps his treasure,
 Till with mutual tenderness each other they warm:
 Since Phœbe's my guide,
 And love does preside,
 Each monarch, tho' great,
 Would envy my state,
 For she, she alone has the power to charm.

Song

Song CXXV. *Answer to Collin's Complaint.*

YE winds, to whom Collin complains,
 In ditties so sad, and so sweet,
 Believe me, the shepherd but feigns
 He's wretched, to shew he has wit.
 No charmer like Collin can move,
 And this is some pretty new art:
 Ah! Collin's a juggler in love,
 And likes to play tricks with my heart.

When he will, he can sigh and look pale,
 Seem doleful, and alter his face,
 Can tremble, and breathe out his tale,
 Ah! Collin has every pace.
 The willow my rover prefers
 To the breast where he once begg'd to lie;
 And the streams that he swells with his tears,
 Are rivals belov'd more than I.

His head my fond bosom would bear,
 And my heart would soon bear him to rest;
 Let the swain that is slighted despair,
 But Collin is only in jest.
 No death the deceiver designs,
 Let the maid that is ruin'd despair;
 For Collin but dies in his lines,
 And gives himself that modish air.

Can shepherds, bred far from the Court,
 So wittily talk of their flame?
 But Collin makes passion his sport,
 Beware of so fatal a game.
 My voice of no musick can boast,
 Nor my person of aught that is fine;
 But Collin may find to his cost,
 A face that is fairer than mine.

Ah! then I will break my lov'd crook,
To thee I'll bequeath all my sheep;
And die in the much favour'd brook,
Where thou but pretendest to weep.
Then mourn the sad fate that you gave,
In sonnets so smooth and divine,
Perhaps, I may rise from my grave,
To hear such soft musick as thine.

Of the violet, daisy, and rose,
The heart's-ease, the lilly, and pink,
Let thy fingers a garland compose,
And crown'd by the rivulet's brink.
How oft, my dear swain, did I swear,
How much my fond soul did admire,
Thy verses, thy shape, and thy air,
Tho' deck'd in thy rural attire.

Your sheep-hook you rul'd with such art,
That all your small subjects obey'd;
And still you reign'd King of his heart,
Whose passion you falsely upbraid.
How often, my swain, have I said,
That thy arms were a palace to me;
And how well I could live in a shade,
Tho' adorned with nothing but thee?

Oh! what are the sparks of the town,
Tho' never so fine and so gay?
I freely would leave beds of down,
For thy breast, and a bed of new hay.
Then, Collin, return once again,
Again make me happy in love;
Let me find thee a faithful, true swain,
And as constant a nymph I will prove.



Song CXXVI.

TH O' cruel you seem to my pain,
And hate me because I am true ;
Yet, Phillis, you love a false swain,
Who has other nymphs in his view.
Enjoyment's a trifle to him,
To me what a heaven 'twould be :
To him but a woman you seem,
But ah ! you're an angel to me !

Those lips which he touches in haste,
To them I for ever could grow,
Still clinging around that dear waist,
Which he spans, as beside him you go.
That arm, like a lilly so white,
Which over his shoulders you lay,
My bosom could warm it all night,
My lips they could press it all day.

Were I like a monarch to reign,
Were graces my subjects to be,
I'd leave them, and fly to the plain,
To dwell in a cottage with thee.
But if I must feel your disdain,
If tears cannot cruelty drown,
Oh ! let me not live in this pain,
But give me my death in a frown.



Song CXXVII.

JOCKY and Jenny together was laid,
Jocky was happy, and so was the maid:
He often did sigh, and cry, Jenny, with thee,
My life, tho' in bondage, would seem to be free.
Jenny, who greatly for Jocky did burn,
Would sigh to his sigh, and kind language return:
There's no pair so happy, so much of one mind,
As Jocky to Jenny, so Jenny's inclin'd.

Content with each other, in humble retreat,
They court not new beauties, nor envy the great;
He'll not quit his nymph, nor the nymph quit her swain,
For pleasures yet thought of, or riches to gain.
Come all you gay courtiers, who greatness admire,
And shine in gilt coaches, with pompous attire,
Regard the true pleasure this couple enjoy,
For pleasures with Jocky and Jenny ne'er cloy.

While you quit your Silvia for Chloe's bright eyes,
Aminta pursue, you fair Chloe despise;
When one nymph's undone, you another undo,
And rambling, the fair does the same thing by you:
Till nature grows weary, decrepit, and poor,
Not aged, but quite has exhausted her store:
'Tis Jocky and Jenny enjoy the true taste;
Be constant like them, and your pleasures will last.



Song CXXVIII. *Chevy-Chace.*

GOD prosper long our noble King,
Our lives and safeties all,
A woful hunting once there did,
In Chevy-Chace befall :

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Earl Piercy took his way :
The child may rue that is unborn,
The hunting of that day :

The stout earl of Northumberland,
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods,
Three summers-days to take :

The chieftest harts in Chevy-Chace,
To kill and bear away ;
The tidings to earl Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay :

Who sent earl Piercy present word,
He would prevent his sport :
The English earl not fearing this,
Did to the wood resort,

With fifteen hundred bow-men bold,
All chosen men of might ;
Who knew full well in time of need,
To aim their shafts aright :

The gallant grey-hounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow-deer ;
On Monday they began to hunt,
When day-light did appear :

And long before high-noon they had,
A hundred fat bucks slain ;
Then having din'd, the drover went
To rouse them up again :

The bow-men muster'd on the hills,
Well able to endure ;
Their backsides all with special care
That day was guarded sure :

The hounds ran swiftly thro' the woods,
The nimble deer to take ;
And with their cries the hills and dales
An eccho shrill did make :

Lord Piercy to the quarry went,
To view the tender deer,
Quoth he, earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me here :

If that I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay ;
With that a brave young gentleman
Thus to the earl did say :

Lo yonder doth earl Douglas come,
His men in armour bright ;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears,
All marching in our fight :

All men of pleasant Tividale,
Fast by the river Tweed ;
Then cease your sport, earl Piercy said,
And take your bows with speed :

And now with me my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance ;
For never was there champion yet,
In Scotland or in France :

That

That ever did on horse-back come,
But since my hap it were ;
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spear :

Earl Douglas on a milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold ;
Rode foremost of the company,
Whose armour shone like gold :

Shew me (said he) whose men you be,
That hunt so boldly here ;
That without my consent do chase,
And kill my fallow deer :

The man that first did answer make,
Was noble Piercy he ;
Who said we list not to declare,
Nor shew whose men we be ;

Yet we will spend our dearest blood,
Thy chietest harts to slay ;
Then Douglas sworè a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say ;

E're thus I will out braved be,
One of us two shall die ;
I know thee well, an earl thou art,
Lord Piercy, so am I.

But trust me, Piercy, pity it were,
And great offence to kill
Any of these our harmless men,
For they have done no ill :

Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside,
Accurst be he, Lord Piercy said,
By whom it is deny'd.

Then

Then step'd a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name ;
Who said I would not have it told
To Henry our King, for shame :

That e'er my captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on ;
You be two earls, said Witherington,
And I a 'squire alone :

I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand :
While I have power to wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand.

Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true ;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full threescore Scots they flew.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Earl Douglas had the bent :
A captain mov'd with mickle pride,
The spears to shivers sent :

They clos'd full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found ;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground :

O Christ ! it was a grief to see,
And likewise for to hear,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scatter'd here and there :

At last these two stout earls did meet,
Like captains of great might ;
Like lions mov'd they laid on load,
And made a cruel fight ;

They

They fought until they both did sweat
With swords of tempered steel :
Until the blood like drops of rain,
They trickling down did fall.

Yield thee, Lord Piercy, Douglas said,
In faith I will thee bring,
Where thou shalt high advanced be
By James our Scottish King :

Thy ransom I will freely give,
And thus report of thee ;
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see.

To Douglas, quoth earl Piercy then,
Thy proffer I do scorn ;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born.

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow ;
Which struck earl Douglas to the heart
A deep and deadly blow.

Who never spoke more words than these,
Fight on, my merry men all ;
For why, my life is at an end,
Lord Piercy sees my fall.

Then leaving life, earl Piercy took
The dead man by the hand ;
And said, earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land.

O Christ ! my very heart doth bleed,
With sorrow for thy sake ;
For, sure, a more renowned knight
Misfortune did never take.

A knight

A knight amongst the Scots there was,
Which saw earl Douglas die :
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the earl Piercy :

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd,
Who with a spear most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely thro' the fight :

And pass'd the English archers all,
Without all dread or fear ;
And thro' earl Piercy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear :

With such a vehement force and might
He did his body gore ;
The spear ran thro' the other side,
A large cloth-yard and more.

So thus did both those nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain,
An English archer then perceiv'd
The noble earl was slain :

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree :
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Unto the head drew he ;

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right his shaft he set ;
The grey-goose wing that was thereon
In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day,
Till setting of the sun ;
For when they rung the evening-bell,
The battle scarce was done.

With the earl Piercy there was slain
 Sir John of Ogerton,
 Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
 Sir James that bold baron :

And with Sir George, and good Sir James,
 Both knights of good account ;
 Good Sir Rulph Rabby there was slain,
 Whose prowess did surmount :

For Witherington needs must I wail,
 As one in doleful dumps ;
 For when his legs were smitten off,
 He fought upon his stumps.

And with earl Douglas there was slain
 Sir Hugh Montgomery ;
 Sir Charles Currel, that from the field
 One foot would never fly.

Sir Charles Murrel of Ratcliff too,
 His sister's son was he ;
 Sir David Lamb so well esteem'd,
 Yet saved could not be.

And the lord Markwell in likewise,
 Did with earl Douglas die ;
 Of twenty hundred Scottish spears
 Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred English men,
 Went home but fifty-three ;
 The rest were slain in Chevy-Chase,
 Under the green-wood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
 Their husbands to bewail,
 They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears,
 But all would not prevail.

Their bodies bath'd in purple blood
They bore with them away ;
They kiss'd them dead a thousand times,
When they were clad in clay.

This news was brought to Edinborough,
Where Scotland's King did reign ;
That brave earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain.

O heavy news ! King James did say,
Scotland can witness be ;
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he :

Like tidings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space ;
That Piercy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy-Chase.

Now God be with him, said our King,
Sith 'twill no better be ;
I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred, as good as he.

Yet shall not Scot or Scotland say
But I will vengeance take ;
And be revenged on them all,
For brave lord Piercy's sake.

This vow full well the King perform'd,
After oae humble down ;
In one day fifty knights were slain,
With lords of great renown.

And of the rest of small account
Did many hundreds die :
Thus ended the hunting of Chevy-Chase,
Made by the earl Piercy.

God save the King, and bless the land,
 In plenty, joy and peace;
 And grant henceforth that foul debate,
 'Twixt noble men may cease.

Song CXXIX. *Who comes there.*

WHO comes there? stand,
 And come before the constable;
 We'll know what you are.
 What makes you out so late?
 Says the midnight magistrate:
 With his noddle full of ale,
 In a wooden chair of state.

Whence come you, Sir?
 And whither do ye go?
 You may be a Jesuit, for ought I know.
 You may as well, Sir, take me
 For a Mahometan.
 He speaks Latin, secure him,
 He's a dangerous man.

To tell you the truth, Sir,
 I am an honest tory;
 Here's a crown to drink,
 And there's an end of the story.
 Good-morrow, Sir; a civil man
 Is always welcome:
 Go, Barnaby Bounce,
 Light the gentleman home.



Song CXXX. Katherine Ogie.

AS I went forth to view the spring,
Which Flora had adorned
In raiment fair; now every thing
The rage of winter scorned:
I cast my eye, and did espy
A Youth, who made great clamour,
And drawing nigh, I heard him cry,
Ah! omnia vincit amor.

Upon his breast he lay along,
Hard by a murm'ring river,
And mournfully his doleful song,
With sighs he did deliver:
Ah! Jenny's face and comely grace,
Her locks that shin'd like lammer,
With burning rays have cut my days.
For omnia vincit amor.

He glancy een like comets sheen,
The morning sun out shining,
Have caught my heart in Cupid's net,
And make me die with pining:
Durst I complain! nature's to blame,
So curiously to frame her,
Whose beauties rare, make me with care,
Cry, omnia vincit amor.

Ye crystal streams that swiftly glide,
Be partners of my mourning;
Ye fragrant fields, and meadows wide,
Condemn her for her scorning.
Let every tree a witness be,
How justly I may blame her;
Ye chanting birds, note these my words,
Ah! omnia vincit amor.

Had

Had she been kind as she was fair,
 She long had been admir'd,
 And been ador'd for virtues rare,
 Wh' of life now makes me tir'd.
 Thus said, his breath began to fail,
 He could not speak, but stammer;
 He sigh'd full sore, and said no more,
 But, *omnia vincit amor*.

When I observ'd him near to death
 I ran in haste to save him,
 But quickly he resign'd his breath,
 So deep the wound love gave him.
 Now for her sake this vow I'll make,
 My tongue shall ay defame her;
 While on his herse I'll write this verse,
 Ah! *omnia vincit amor*.

Straight I consider'd in my mind,
 Upon the matter rightly,
 And found, tho' Cupid he be blind,
 He proves in pith most mighty.
 For warlike Mars, nor thund'ring Jove,
 And Vulcan with his hammer,
 Did ever prove the slaves of love,
 For *omnia vincit amor*.

Hence we may see the effects of love,
 Which gods and men keep under;
 That nothing can his bonds remove,
 Or torments break asunder:
 Nor wise, nor fool, need go to school,
 To learn this from his grammar,
 His heart's the book where he's to look,
 For *omnia vincit amor*.



Song CXXXI. *There liv'd long ago.*

THere liv'd long ago in a country place,
A clever young lad that lov'd a young lass;
She lov'd him again, and (O! wonder to hear!)
No offers could move her, she lov'd him so dear.

The lord of the village took it in his head,
To tempt her to leave him, and come to his bed:
He offer'd her jewels, and baubles, and rings,
But she slighted his love, and refus'd his gay things.

He told her he'd make her as fine as a Queen,
Her gown should be silk, and her cap colberteen.
But she said, linsy-woolsey, and bone-lace would serve,
And rather than please him, she'd venture to starve.

He told her, he'd give her a pad to ride out,
Or a coach, if she lik'd it, to visit about.
She thank'd him, but said, she could very well walk,
And should she have a coach, how the neighbours would talk!

He said, for the neighbours, he'd make it his care,
That none, e'en the parson on sundays, should dare
To find fault with her conduct, or offer to blame,
Her manner of living, or blast her good name.

She told him, in short, he must e'en be content,
For jewels or gold should ne'er bribe her consent:
Her heart was another's, and so should remain,
And she scorn'd to be false for the lucre of gain.



Song CXXXII.

IF any so wise is,
 That sack he despises,
 Let him drink his small beer, and be sober;
 Whilst we drink wine, and sing
 As if it were spring,
 He shall droop like the trees in October.

But be sure, over night
 If this dog do you bite,
 You take it henceforth for a warning,
 Soon as out of your bed,
 To settle your head,
 Take a hair of his tail in the morning.

And not be so filly
 To follow old Lilly,
 For there's nothing but wine that can tune us;
 Let his ne affuescas
 Be put in his cap case,
 And sing bibito vinum jejunos.



Song CXXXIII. *Myrtillo.*

ON a grassy pillow,
 The youthful Myrtillo;
 Transported was laid;
 In his arms a creature,
 Whose every feature,
 For conquest made;
 To his side he clasp'd her,
 And fondly grasp'd her,
 While she cry'd, O dear,
 O dear Myrtillo,
 Had I known your will-o,
 I'd never come here.

Streams gently flowing,
 And zephyrs blowing,
 Ambrosial breeze,
 A swain admiring,
 And all conspiring,
 The charmer to please:
 The dear nymph complying,
 No more denying,
 A silent grove,
 O blest Myrtillo!
 You may if you will-o,
 Be as happy as Jove.

Now, the devil's in it,
 If such a minute,
 The shepherd could lose:
 No, no, Myrtillo,
 Has better skill-o,
 His moments to chuse.

A Complete Collection of

The delightful treasure,
 Of love and pleasure,
 He boldly seiz'd;
 And like Myrtillo,
 He had his fill-o,
 Of what he pleas'd.

Song CXXXIV.

TO friend, and to foe,
 And to all that I know;
 That to marriage-state do prepare;
 Remember your days,
 In their several ways,
 Are trouble, with sorrow and care.

For he that doth look
 In the marry'd man's book,
 And reads but the items all over,
 Shall find them to come
 At length to a sum,
 Shall empty purse, pocket, and coffer.

In the pastimes of love,
 When their labour doth prove,
 And the kinchin beginneth to kick;
 For this, and for that,
 And I know not for what,
 The woman must have, or be sick.

There's item set down,
 For a loose-bodied gown,
 In her longing you must not deceive her:
 For a bodkin, a ring,
 And the other fine thing,
 For a cornet and lace to be braver.

Deliver'd

Deliver'd, and well,
 Who is it can tell
 But while the child lies at the nipple,
 There's item for wine,
 'Mongst gossips so fine,
 And sugar to sweeten their tipple.

There's item, I hope,
 For starch, and for soap,
 There's item for fire and candle :
 For better, for worse,
 There's item for nurse,
 The baby to dress, and to dandle.

When swaddled in lap,
 There's item for pap,
 And item for pot, pan, and ladle ;
 A coral with bells,
 Which custom compels,
 And item, a crown for a cradle.

With twenty odd knacks,
 Which the little-one lacks ;
 And thus doth thy pleasure betray thee :
 Yet this is the sport,
 In country and court,
 Then let not the charges dismay thee.



Song CXXXV.

OF all joys we e'er possess,
 Love and wine are still the best;
 Sweetly they by turns controul,
 Wine the heart, and love the soul
 Wealth and power strive in vain,
 Equal happiness to gain,
 Wine superior joy doth prove,
 And in sober seasons, love.
 Of all joys we e'er possess,
 Love and wine are still the best.

Song CXXXVII. *A Lovely Lads, &c.*

A Lovely lads to a Friar came,
 To confess in a morning early.
 In what, my dear, are you to blame?
 Come, own it all sincerely.
 I've done, Sir, what I dare not name,
 With a lad who loves me dearly,
 The greatest fault in myself I know,
 Is what I now discover.
 Then you to Rome for that must go,
 There discipline to suffer.
 Lack-a-day! Sir, if it must be so,
 Pray with me send my lover.
 No, no, my dear, you do but dream,
 We'll have no double dealing;
 But if with me you'll repeat the same,
 I'll pardon your past failing.
 I must own, Sir, though I blush for shame,
 That your penance is prevailing.



Song CXXXVI. *The Merchant and the
Fidler's Wife.*

IT was a rich merchant man,
That had both ship and all;
And he would cross the salt seas,
Tho' his cunning it was but small.

The Fidler and his wife,
They being nigh at hand;
Would needs go sail along with him,
From Dover unto Scotland.

The fidler's wife look'd brisk,
Which made the merchant smile;
He made no doubt to bring it about,
The fidler to beguile.

Is this thy wife the merchant said,
She looks like an honest spouse;
Ay that she is the fidler said,
That ever trod on shoes.

Thy confidence is very great,
The merchant then did say;
If thou a wager dar'st to bet,
I'll tell thee what I will lay.

I'll lay my ship against thy fiddle,
And all my venture too;
So Peggy may gang along with me,
My cabin for to view.

If she continues one hour with me,
Thy true and constant wife;
Then shalt thou have my ship and be,
A merchant all thy life.

The

The fidler was content,
He danc'd and leap'd for joy ;
And twang'd his fiddle in merriment,
For Peggy he thought was coy.

Then Peggy she went along,
His cabin for to view ;
And after her the merchant-man,
Did follow, we found it true.

When they were once together,
The fidler was afraid ;
For he crep'd near in piteous fear,
And thus to Peggy he said.

Hold out, sweet Peggy, hold out,
For the space of two half hours ;
If thou hold out, I make no doubt,
But the ship and goods are ours.

In troth, sweet Robin, I cannot,
He hath got me about the middle ;
He's lusty and strong, and hath laid me along,
O Robin thou'lt lost thy fiddle.

If I have lost my fiddle,
Then am I a man undone ;
My fiddle whereon I have often play'd,
Away I needs must run.

O stay the merchant said,
And thou shalt keep thy place ;
And thou shalt have thy fiddle again,
But Peggy shall carry the case.

Poor Robin hearing that,
He look'd with a merry-cheer ;
His wife she was pleas'd, and the merchant was eas'd,
And jolly and brisk they were.

The fidler he was mad,
But valu'd it not a fig;
Then Peggy unto her husband said,
Kind Robin play us a jig.

Then he took up his fiddle,
And merrily he did play,
The Scottish jig, and the horn-pipe,
And eke the Irish hey.

It was but in vain to grieve,
The deed it was done and past;
Poor Robin was born to carry the horn,
For Peggy could not be chaste.

Then fiddlers all beware,
Your wives are kind you see;
And he that's made for the fiddling trade,
Must never a merchant be.

For Peggy she knew right well,
Although she was but a woman;
That gamblers drink, and fiddlers wives,
They are ever free and common.



Song CXXXVII. *The Contented Lovers.*

Shepherd Adonis, being weary of his sport,
Return'd to the woods where he us'd to resort;
He let fall his crook, and he laid himself down,
He envy'd no monarch, nor he wish'd for no crown.

He drank of the cold brooks, eat the fruit of the trees,
Enjoying himself, from all care was he free;
He valued no nymph was she ever so fair,
No pride, no ambition, nor likewise no care.

But as it fell out in one evening so clear,
A charming sweet voice he chanc'd for to hear;
He stood like a stone, not one foot could he move,
He knew not what ail'd him, but he fear'd it was love.

The nymph she beheld him with a modest grace,
Seeing something appearing she disguised her face;
She disguised her face, and unto him did say,
How now Mr. Shepherd, how came you this way?

The shepherd reply'd, and to her he said,
I ne'er was surpriz'd at the sight of a maid;
When first I beheld thee from all snare I was free,
But now I am captive, my dearest, to thee.

O shepherd, O shepherd, leave not your free state,
For love will entangle you in sorrow that's great;
And distract your brain, that you ne'er will have rest:
Then incline not to love, for as yet you are blest.

Fair nymph of the wood, and thou charmer of man,
Thy beauty's so great I can't it withstand;
Then pity my case, and yield me some joy,
O pity, O pity, a wounded young boy.

The nymph she reply'd, with a languishing look,
Saying, shepherd, alas! my way I mistook;
Or you never had seen, nor I known who you were,
For now I do pity I do declare.

Then sit thee down by me, O thou beauteous nymph,
And let me enjoy thy sweet person, not glimpse
Of thy beauty celestial, so charming and fair,
Thy beauty indeed is beyond all compare.

O don't prove my downfal; why will you, O why?
Will you let your poor shepherd thus languishing die?
If you grant me not love, all the world can't me save,
Tho' I once did it flight, yet 'twill bring me to the grave:

With that poor Adonis let fall some few tears,
His face looked pale, which discover'd his cares;
The nymph looked red, and blushing did cry,
O no, sweet Adonis, for me thou shan't die.

Then take now your shepherdes, I'll be no more coy;
In love let us live, and each other enjoy;
In the grove that's so pleasant, under trees that's so high,
In love let us live, and in love let us die.

This answer reviv'd poor Adonis's heart,
His troubles were fled, and he felt no more smart.
The nymph she receiv'd him with looks that were kind,
And from her fair shepherd she comfort did find.

Then softly he took her, and did lay her down,
The sky was their teaster, their bed was the ground;
He folded her often in his lovely arms,
Her face and her features discover'd rare charms.

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Then softly he took her, and did lay her down,
The sky was their teaster, their bed was the ground;
He folded her often in his lovely arms,
Her face and her features discover'd rare charms.

As charming as Venus was when she was took
Along with brave Mars, when the gods at them look :
Yet this nymph and young shepherd most beautiful fair,
Like the light of the sun-beams so charming they were.

Thus in great enjoyment, from all care and strife,
These two loving couple lead a charming sweet life ;
No wars, nor no battles, no rumours they see,
In peace, in great comfort, and in pleasure they be.

Amongst the sweet grove thus pleasant they live,
Nothing they want but what heaven doth them give :
It is there, it is there, oh ! it's there that they keep
Their quiet, contented, and poor harmless sheep.

All the day near to mountains and rivers they rove,
At night they return to their peaceable grove ;
And thus in the day as well as the night,
They live in great pleasure, in joy and delight.

One sings with her voice, t'other plays with his flute,
While one is employ'd, the other stands mute ;
They look at each other so charming so sweet,
Sometimes interposing their lips they do meet.

Thus charming, thus lovely they lead a sweet life,
So free from all care, and so safe from all strife ;
If therefore all of you contentment would find,
Like these happy couple be loving and kind.



Song CXXXVIII. *The Lady of Quall.*

THE lady of quall,
 Who, frequenting the mall,
 Enjoys ev'ry vice in the nation;
 Will favours afford,
 To the rake, and my lord,
 Yet values her dear reputation.

The coquet, and the prude,
 Who blush when you're rude,
 Indulge ev'ry kind inclination;
 They jilt you some few,
 Yet have those that will do,
 To defend and maintain reputation.

The brisk city wife,
 Who all days of her life,
 Delights in a kind consummation;
 Will make her fond spouse,
 With the horns on his brows,
 Stop the gap in her lost reputation.

The sempstrefs, as fair,
 With a kind careless air,
 Gives ear to the lawyer's oration;
 She takes ev'ry night,
 Covent-garden delight,
 Yet, unillied is her reputation.

The young chamber-maid,
 By the valet betray'd;
 For she's never out of the fashion:
 Is brisk as a bee,
 And as innocent she,
 'Till a swelling o'erwhelms reputation.

The actresses too,
 That's a prodigy new !
 Who're kind upon any occasion ;
 Have taken of late,
 Such a whim from the great,
 That they value a crack'd reputation.

But the rake, and the beau,
 And the soldier, well know,
 From poetry's kind inspiration ;
 That raptures, and fires,
 And melting desires,
 Will thaw a hard froze reputation.

Song CXXXIX. *To the Hundreds of Drury
 I write.*

YOung damsels were formerly won,
 By a pimp's application to mother ;
 But the quality saving are grown,
 One does the good office for t'other.
 At Ombre, Basslet, and Quadrille,
 They care not what money they squander :
 Yet, though they disgorge the old pill,
 They grumble at paying the pander.



Song CXL. *Tho' envious Old Age.*

THough envious old age
 Seems in part to impair me,
 And makes me the sport
 Of the wanton and gay;
 Brisk wine shall recruit,
 As life's winter does wear me;
 And still I've a heart
 To do what I may.

Then Venus bestow me
 Some damsel of beauty;
 Here's Bacchus shall give me
 A cherishing glass;
 Silenus, though old, shall
 To both do his duty;
 And now clasp the bottle,
 And then clasp the lass.
 The lass, the bottle,
 The bottle, the lass,
 And now clasp the bottle,
 And then clasp the lass.

Song CXLI.

THE night was in her sable shroud,
 No silver stars were seen,
 Wrapt in a cold and wintry cloud,
 'Midst bleak showers of rain.

Unfaithful Edward's treacherous step,
 To Susan's dwelling came;
 Long he pretended to have su'd,
 And lov'd the gentle dame.

His

His entrance at this fatal hour
 The innocent allow'd ;
 Ungrateful Edward silent smil'd,
 Then kiss'd her lips, and bow'd.

With am'rous toy he first began,
 Her snowy bosom prest ;
 Vow'd, that he lov'd her more than life,
 And begg'd he might be blest.

But she, in honour's strictest rule
 Had train'd her gentle mind :
 Is this your love to me, she said,
 Ungrateful, and unkind ?

In dreadful rage of hated lust,
 Her purple blood to spill,
 He drew his sword, and swore she dy'd
 If she refus'd his will.

With trembling fear she sigh'd, and thought
 Each moment to be slain :
 Help! help! oh! help! for heaven's sake!
 She cry'd, but cry'd in vain.

Whole floods of tears, like silver dew
 From off the lilly's head,
 Fell down her white and pearly neck ;
 Unhappy, lovely maid!

The thoughts of losing all her charms,
 That they must turn to clay ;
 To think of dying, when so young,
 Induc'd her to obey.

Her bleeding heart did oft misgive,
 She pray'd, she wept, and sigh'd:
 But when her precious jewel lost,
 Much better had she dy'd.

The faithless wretch now flies her charms
Those very charms he swore
To nourish with his utmost care,
He now regards no more.

Her bed she waters with her tears,
And beats her panting breast;
Her hand supports her drooping head,
But she can find no rest.

At length the ruddy morning rose,
She blush'd to see the day;
And curs'd the night, that fatal night,
In which she did obey.

The guilt, which guilt was not her own,
So black was in her eye,
That, though at death she started first,
She now resolv'd to die.

A pois'nous drug, oh! mournful tale!
Within a silver bowl
She mix'd----- then sipp'd the deadly juice,
And breath'd away her soul.

The scarlet of her lips grows pale,
Her eyes no lustre boast;
Soft musick dies upon her tongue,
And all her charms are lost.

Now, Edward, think what thou hast done,
Repent e're 'tis too late;
Or at the dreadful day of doom,
Expect thy wretched fate.



Song CXLII. Do not ask me charming Phillis

DO not ask me, charming Phillis,
 Why I lead you here alone,
 By this bank of pinks and lillies,
 And of roses newly blown.

'Tis not to behold the beauty
 Of those flow'rs that crown the spring;
 'Tis to ---- but I know my duty,
 And dare not name the thing.

'Tis, at worst, but her denying,
 Why should I thus fearful be?
 Ev'ry moment, gently flying,
 Smiles, and says, make use of me.

What the sun does to those roses,
 While the beams play gently in,
 I would---- but my fear opposes,
 And I dare not name the thing.

Yet I die if I conceal it,
 Ask my eyes, or ask your own;
 And if neither can reveal it,
 Think what lovers think alone.

On this bank of pinks and lillies,
 Might I speak what I would do;
 I would with my lovely Phillis,
 I would, I would---- ah! would you?

Song CXLIII. *The happy Meeting.*

ONCE I met a damsel fair,
 Walking in a shady grove ;
 What was done while we were there,
 Ask me not, tho' all was love.
 While I ogled her bright eyes,
 Killing glances she'd return,
 Which at once fierce love did rise
 In my heart, and made me burn.

Round her neck I threw my arms,
 All in raptures we did meet ;
 While I revell'd in her charms,
 Where I rifled ev'ry sweet.
 O ! the joys my heart did feel :
 When she prest me to her breast,
 Ev'ry motion seem'd to kill,
 And soon lull'd me down to rest.

Song CXLIV. *To a young Lady, on reading
 Sherlock upon Death.*

Mistaken fair lay Sherlock by,
 His doctrine is deceiving ;
 For whilst he teaches us to die,
 He cheats us of our living.

II.

To die's a lesson we shall know,
 Too soon without a master ;
 Then let us only study now,
 How we shall live the faster.

III.

To live's to love, to blest be blest,
 With mutual inclination;
 Share then the ardor in my breast,
 And kindly meet my passion.

IV.

But if thus blest I may not live,
 And pity you deny;
 To me at least your Sherlock give,
 'Tis I must learn to die.

Song CXLV. *The Replication.*

VAin subtle man no longer boast,
 How many hearts you've won;
 Mankind were form'd not to deceive,
 Nor maids to be undone.

Virtue and truth are ornaments,
 Which grace a female mind;
 When those are lost what can retrieve,
 The fame of womankind?

With vanity you tax the sex,
 Their weakness you reveal;
 But men have more when they dare boast,
 Those joys they shou'd conceal.

Strive then no more with artful wiles,
 Our virtue to trapan;
 If we mistake bright honour's path,
 'Tis wing all to man.



Song CXLVI. *The Cumberland Lass.*

IN Cumberland there dwells a maid,
Her charms are past compare ;
The gods to shew their works have made,
Her vertuous as she's fair.

Such beauties deck her lovely face,
As mortals never saw ;
Her charms command each finish'd grace,
Her looks respect and awe.

Her modest mein, and genteel air,
Proclaim her foe to pride ;
Her eyes and thoughts carry no snare,
Nor female scorn to chide.

Her wit her choice companions know,
Is mixt with innocence ;
Too quick to pierce, but yet too slow,
To give the least offence.

Her merit kingdoms wou'd command,
And empires would but prove ;
A price too small, shou'd they demand,
Her heart when warm'd with love.

Before I saw her, gloomy night,
Reign'd in my hemisphere ;
But when she shone, diffusive light,
My wand'ring soul did cheer.

The climate doom'd for my abode,
Too chilling was to live ;
But now I'm blyth, blest like a god,
Her warmth doth me retrieve.

No sun I ever view by day,
Besides the charming fair;
Whose genial beams such joys convey,
As gods themselves might share.

I ne'er observe Sol's golden light,
To her I homage pay;
For when she's absent, then 'tis night,
And when she shines 'tis day.

My soul was chaos 'till I heard,
Her seraphical tongue;
Then musick's charms softly appear'd,
And love was all my song.

By her I do compute those joys,
Ecstatic lovers taste;
And the bright theme my soul employs,
Too strong to be effac'd.

When e'er she smiles my state I do,
Before a gods prefer;
And I cou'd bid my heav'n adieu,
To find one more in her.

For ever on her I cou'd gaze,
Such beauties round her shine!
On her soft bosom end my days,
And ne'er at death repine.

So mild she seems sure she can't hate,
A heart replete with truth;
Or triumph o'er the hapless fate,
Of a despairing youth.

Some gentle breeze, O! to her bear,
My sighs her heart to move!
In some soft strain tell my despair,
And let her know I love.



Song CXLVII.

Beneath some hoary mountain
 I lay me down and weep,
 Or near some warbling fountain,
 Bewail my self a-sleep
 Where feather'd choirs combining,
 With gentle murm'ring streams,
 And winds in concert joining,
 Raise sadly pleasing dreams.

Song CXLVIII. *Advice to Clarinda.*

NO more Clarinda waste your time
 In decking of that face ;
 Since age and wrinkles will combine,
 To rob each finish'd grace.

Like spring your beauties gay appear,
 I feel their influence ;
 But think when autumns drawing near,
 How they will chill the sense.

View nature's works around her frame,
 And then you'll justly say ;
 Beauty can but a season claim,
 Then feel a sure decay.

Think then on time it flies apace,
 Accept my heart whilst warm ;
 Lest age shou'd come and leave that face,
 Without a pow'r to charm.



Song CXLIX. *O'er the Moor to Maggie.*

AND I'll o'er the moor to Maggie,
Her wit and sweetness call me;
Then to my fair I'll show my mind,
Whatever may befall me.
If she love mirth I'll learn to sing,
Or likes the nine to follow,
I'll lay my lugs in Pindu's spring,
An invoke Apollo.

If she admires a martial mind,
I'll sheath my limbs in armour;
If to the softer dance inclin'd,
With gayest airs I'll charm her.
If she love grandeur day and night,
I'll plot my nation's glory;
Find favour in my prince's sight,
And shine in future story.

Beauty can wonders work with ease,
Where wit is corresponding;
And bravest men know best to please,
With complaisance abounding.
My bonny Maggie's love can turn
Me to what shape she pleases;
If in her breast that flame shall burn,
Which in my bosom blazes.



Song CL. *The Jolly Topers.*

OF all the occupations
A Toper is the best,
For when the world's affairs run cross,
Good liquor gives him rest.
And a toping, and a toping we will go, &c.

Here's to thee honest toping Jack,
Here's wine will chear thy heart;
And if the bottle's almost out,
We'll have the other quart.
And a toping, &c.

What tho' your sober sneakers
Call jolly topers swine;
Because they wallow in the dirt,
And we do swim in wine.
Yet a toping, &c.

The musick that delights us most,
Is when the bar bell rings;
For when the wine's got in our heads,
We fancy that we're kings.
And a toping, &c.

Good liquor drives away all cares,
Which so perplex men's lives;
For when we've drank our courage up,
We fear no scolding wives.
And a toping, &c.

We'll drink at morn, at noon, and night,
The glass still going round;
And when we cannot sit up right,
We'll drink upon the ground.
And a toping, &c.

See how the shining sparkles rise,
 Then fill your glasses high ;
 Tho' gouty pains attack our limbs,
 We'll drink until we die.
 And a toping, &c.

The lover lives on Celia's smiles,
 And if she frowns he dies ;
 But what are female smiles or frowns,
 To jolly drinking boys.
 And a toping, &c.

Let misers heap up store of gold,
 To please their greedy souls ;
 The greatest bliss we toppers find,
 Is in full flowing bowls.
 And a toping, &c.

Let whigs and tories plague their heads,
 To settle state affairs ;
 We'll drink, and all our time carouse,
 If we live a thousand years.
 And a toping, &c.

Song CLI.

BY shady woods and purling streams,
 I pass my hours in pleasing dreams,
 And would not for the world be brought,
 To change my false delightful thought :
 For who, alas ! can happy be,
 That does the truth of all things see ?



Song CLII. *The Unskilful Lover.*

He. **W**Hat means this silly whining clown thus to
complain,
Think'ft thou with sighs, and tears, and sobs my love
to gain;
No, no, you have not took the course that will prevail,
For I mind not sighs, nor tears, nor sobs, nor yet
your tale.

He. Ah pity take for goodness sake, my lovely fair
Drive not a swain by your disdain to black despair;
Ah pity take, and let not fate thus crop my blooming
youth,
For without you I cannot live, and that's the truth.

He. Another might the favour win that you can't gain,
Unpractis'd in love's diff'rent arts poor empty swain,
We oft refuse what we would give out of meer shame,
And think that when its took by force we're less to
blame.

Song CLIII. *The Happy Swain.*

NO morning in May is more bright than my dearest,
Her bosom's the softest, her love's the sincerest;
To pride sways her beauty to make her reject me,
E'er I offend she with smiles doth correct me:
Her chains are so easy that they're entertaining,
Her frowns are so mild I have no cause for complaining.

See how the shining sparkles rise,
 Then fill your glasses high ;
 Tho' gouty pains attack our limbs,
 We'll drink until we die.
 And a toping, &c.

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If nymphs enjoy beauty hers is past extolling,
 Or love be a blessing, how happy is Colin !
 All day with faint blushes the fair one receives me,
 At night with a smile, and a kiss she does leave me ;
 The gods ne'er created a pair more inviting,
 A swain found so constant, a nymph so delighting.

Song CLVI.

A Melia wishes when she dies,
 Her dearest lord may close her eyes,
 And heav'n may open his,
 Then will he wish, but all in vain,
 To have her render'd back again,
 From realms of endless bliss.

The End of the First Volume.





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